

THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 624.

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For the convenience of Subscribers in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines.—Subscribers for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than 3 Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 9, Rue du Coq-St.-Honoré, Paris, or at the Athenæum Office, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring postage to be paid in London, 2s. 6d. or 12s. the year. To other countries, the postage in addition.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LAW.—Professor BULLOCK will RESUME his LECTURES on FRIDAY EVENING, the 18th of October, at half-past Seven o'clock precisely, and continue them on every succeeding Tuesday and Friday Evening during the Academical Term, at the same hour. The first three Lectures will treat of the Alienation of Real Property, in conclusion of the subject pursued in last Term. The subsequent Lectures will treat of Personal Property and the Rights of Persons, in regard to condition or status. Free admission to the first three Lectures will be given to Gentlemen who were Members of the Class in last Term. King's College, London, J. LONSDALE, B.D. Principal. October 5, 1839.

LECTURES ON ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. THE CLASSES in the FACULTY of ARTS will OPEN on TUESDAY, October 15, at 2 o'clock, with a LECTURE by Professor LATHAM, A.M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, introductory to his Courses on ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE. Any Gentleman presenting his Card will be admitted to this Lecture.

The Lectures of Professor Latham during the Session will be as follows:—LANGUAGE—A Course on Etymology and Rhetoric, on Monday and Thursday, from 10 to 11, throughout the Session. LITERATURE—Three short Courses, Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 3 to 4, first Course between the Opening of the Session and Christmas; SUBJECT, the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age. Second Course, between Christmas and Easter; SUBJECT, English Poetry under the Stuarts. Third Course, Easter to the end of the Session; SUBJECT, Saxon and Scandinavian Literature.

Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College. HENRY MALDEN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council. University College, 9th October, 1839.

LECTURES ON LAW AND JURISPRUDENCE.—During the ensuing Session, Courses of Lectures, commencing on the 4th of November, will be delivered as follows:—By PROFESSOR CAREY, A.M. From 7½ to 8½ p.m. twice a week. LAW OF PROPERTY. About 30 Lectures; Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Fee 3s.

By PROFESSOR GRAY, A.M. COMMON LAW.—On the Administration of the. About 12 Lectures, on Wednesdays and Fridays. Fee 2s.

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On the Law as administered in Courts of Extraordinary Jurisdiction. Fee for each Course 2s.; for the three Courses 5s. Examinations for Degrees will be held once a year, in November, by the University of London.

A Scholarship of 20l. a year, for 3 years, is proposed by the Senate, under certain conditions, for the Candidate who, at the Examination for Honours, shall distinguish himself the most in Jurisprudence.

Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College. HENRY MALDEN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council. University College, 9th October, 1839.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE. MR. RICHARD JONES is RETURNED to Town for the Session, and may be consulted, as usual, at his own House only, 14, Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, Belgrave-square.

MUSIC PRACTICE FOR AMATEURS. THE Theatre of the London Mechanics' Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, is appropriated on SATURDAY EVENINGS for the PRACTICE of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, under the superintendence of competent Masters. There are also Classes for ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION in MUSIC, both Vocal and Instrumental, in the Institution. A Prospectus may be obtained of the Secretary.

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TO ADVERTISERS.—ANTI-CORN LAW CIRCULAR.—The following advertisements have been made for making the paper (which is a stamped periodical) a medium for ADVERTISEMENTS, to commence with the 15th Number, to be published on the 25th October. Orders will be received for the publication at the Office of the Anti-Corn Law Association, New-street Buildings, Market-street, Manchester. Of the first thirteen numbers, upwards of one hundred thousand copies have been circulated in all parts of the Kingdom. Its Subscribers include the most eminent merchants and manufacturers in the kingdom, the peerage, and members of the House of Commons. It is supplied to all the principal reading rooms, club houses, hotels, &c. &c. in Great Britain. Advertisements must be sent on or before the Friday preceding publication.

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21	5 0 0	25	5 16 1	30	7 7 10	35	10 17 1
25	5 4 0	30	6 3 4	35	8 0 0	40	11 10 0
30	5 9 11	35	6 11 1	40	9 6 4	45	12 9 0

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This intimation applies equally to another announcement of De Foe's Select Works, said to be Edited by Sir Walter Scott, and to be brought out uniform with Murray's Byron; but the name of Sir Walter Scott is less cunningly engraved on the prospectus than in Mr. Tegg's advertisement. Edinburgh, 31, St. Andrew-square, 7th October, 1839.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. 141, will be published on Monday next.

- CONTENTS.
1. Life and Works of Thomas Telford.
 2. Church Rates.
 3. Duke of Ragusa's Travels.
 4. Reign of George the Third—Public Characters.
 5. Captain Murray's Diary in America.
 6. Ministerial Plan of Education—Church and Tory Misrepresentations.
 7. Life and Times of Richard Baxter.
 8. Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary—Structure of the English Language.
 9. Lord Lyndhurst's Review of the last Session—Defence of the Whigs.
- Note.—Regulations of Privy Council as to the Education Grant. London: Longman & Co.; Edinburgh, A. & C. Black.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN REVIEW, No. XVIII.

- This day is published.
1. Life of Joseph Brant Thayendenegea.
 2. The State and the Church.
 3. The African Slave-Trade.
 4. The Corn Trade.—Neapolitan Agriculture.
 5. The Confessions of a Thief.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1839.

REVIEWS

The Science of Politics founded on that of Man, or on the Study of Human Races philosophically, historically, and socially considered—[La Science Politique, &c.] By V. Courtet de l'Isle. Paris, Bertrand; London, Bossange, Barthes & Co.

In taking account of the great facts of history, and in seeking an explanation of the distinctive phenomena which have characterized particular nations, it has been usual exclusively to regard the external circumstances under which they have grown up, and to consider their institutes (religious, moral, and industrial) as the immediate results of such contingencies. Man himself, meantime, has been taken as a constant quantity—an unity, liable indeed to some slight modification, impressionable to a certain extent by the elements, but to all practical purposes, under every circumstance, intrinsically the same.

Modern physiologists, however, have endeavoured to establish the existence of several permanent varieties of the species, distinguishable not merely by superficial differences of colour, but by essential peculiarities of organization; and the reduction of this theory to a system, and its application in explaining the diversity of social phenomena, are the special objects of the work before us.

The train of investigation here indicated has been unfavourably received in England, partly on account of the metaphysical tendency of the inquiry, and its wide departure from that speciality of fact, in which the English intellect delights, and partly through the national indisposition to connect mental with physiological science. This was still further increased by the general subject having been opened with an assertion of the distinct origin of the several varieties; and public attention was thus turned aside from the main inquiry, to dispute whether the coloured races are or are not descended from a common stock. Both sides in this dispute have been stoutly maintained by numerous authors; and much acrimony and invective, in default of conclusive argument, have been wasted upon it. The main facts,—the only facts of interest to the philosophical politician,—are admitted by both parties, namely, that the several human varieties have existed, under their present forms, from the beginning of recorded time, in defiance of all changes of circumstance; and that no process of migration or of management has in a single instance hitherto succeeded in washing the blackamoor white.

Another prejudice hostile to the physiological doctrine, arose out of the growing hatred of Europeans to negro slavery. The supposition of the negro's inferior capacities had been advanced to justify the oppression of which the black is the victim,—a manifest *non sequitur*; but the argument, instead of being refuted, has been met by a bold and gratuitous assertion of the intellectual equality of the races. Among other writers on this side, the Abbé Grégoire, the most distinguished of the continental abolitionists, devoted a work expressly to an enumeration of instances in which negroes have distinguished themselves in science and in literature. He, however, with all the rest, overlooked the great fact that none of the coloured varieties have ever attained to the same moral and political elevation as the white races; that these alone have practically upheld the doctrine that the many were not made for the one—the *sine qua non* of real civilization. The actual observed deficiencies of the enslaved blacks, which could not be denied, were referred to their oppressed

condition, and to the absence of all education among them—a proposition not altogether divested of reason; for, as we have good grounds for believing that the intellectual powers of the civilized man have increased by assiduous culture, there can be little reason to doubt that a similar attention applied to the negro might act in the same way, *pro modulo suo*, on his organs. But the question still remains, why the unassisted Caucasian was enabled to form for himself a literature, a philosophy, and a social policy, while the negro has everywhere continued immersed in his primeval savagery.

These two discussions, presenting themselves at the outset, have diverted public attention from the consequences of the great physiological fact (now universally, we believe, admitted by physiologists), of the organic inequality of the several varieties of the human species. There is a decided tendency in the English mind to ask what may be the consequences of a proposition, before inquiring into its validity; as if it were possible, by a bare act of human volition, to make that which is, a nonentity—or that which is not, a reality. In the instance of geology, the habit (for it is but a habit) has been productive of the most mischievous results; and has covered some very worthy and respectable writers with a ridicule, which has reflected on the national character in the eyes of scientific Europe.

In the present case, a little patient inquiry might have satisfied the most scrupulous, that whatever is merely speculative, is utterly indifferent to the main question. Whether the coloured races are original creations, or degenerated descendants from one original stock—whether their moral and intellectual characteristics are derived from an originally defective organization, or both proceed from an unhappy combination of externals—their condition, such as it is, is a physical fact possessing its definite bearings on their social position, wherever they come in contact with the white man; and this contains the sum of what is sought in the present inquiry, as far as they are concerned in it. We may therefore set aside M. Courtet de l'Isle's views on such points, who maintains a diversity of original races; and leaving that point undecided, admit the dependence of the intellectual powers of the different varieties of man, such as they now exist, on their respective organizations. There is, indeed, nothing more in it, than daily experience exhibits in the intellectual differences observable between the different members of the same community. Nobody refuses to acknowledge the wide differences between man and man in this respect, nor hesitates in assigning congenital idiocy, dulness, talents, and genius, to different conditions of the cerebral organs.

In the present state then of physiology, the organic distinctions which characterize the several varieties of man must be taken as an admitted truth; and the intellectual consequences flowing from those differences are sufficiently constant to admit of satisfactory connexion with that cause. Wherever the white man has come into contact with the coloured races, his superiority has been manifest; and whatever advantage they may have derived from his tuition, it has never effected even an approach to equality. Of the noblest and most independent of them all—of that race which has rejected altogether the yoke of civilization—we may safely prophesy the approaching extinction; and those races which have accepted it, whether as free-men or slave, have failed to derive from the white man's institutions the results to which they might have been expected to lead. It was sarcastically observed by John Hunter, that of

all the blessings of civilization, the savage profited alone by brandy and gunpowder.

The shades and degrees of organization, and of intellectual power, which may be traced between the subordinate races belonging to the same variety, are considerably slighter and more faint; but, according to our author, they are sufficient to produce their consequences in an association in which two or more of them may coalesce; and to such differences he attributes the political inequalities which different nations have exhibited in their forms of government. He lays it down as a rule, that wherever a population is found divided into castes, there, two or more races, of unequal intellectual power, have at some time been brought into an enforced coalescence; and he asserts, that no approach to a community of privileges can occur, so long as the castes are preserved pure and isolated. As soon, however, as by intermarriages the physical barrier is broken up, he holds that a return to political equality is a necessary consequence.

I say then—(these are his words), that by the simple fact, that races differ in organization, they differ in virtuality, and consequently in the destiny assigned them by Providence. Wherever several races shall associate, the one will exercise on the other that supremacy which the superiority of their native faculties legitimates and renders inevitable. In a word, the ratio of race to race, the degree of their inequality, the various circumstances under which they unite, will exercise the chief influence on the resulting institutions. This is a fact hitherto overlooked—this fact I have verified.—Where is the thinker (he continues) who has not been struck with the different degrees of servitude to which a nation has submitted with a disgraceful resignation? Why, on all parts of the globe, do myriads of men yield themselves without complaint to a political régime, which consigns them to slavery? Why do some, in bending to an inevitable yoke, show less resistance than others do, on the slightest attack upon their liberties? These differences have been assigned to climate—a palpable error. For if in some degree servitude reigns in southern latitudes rather than in the north, the fact is anything but universal. Asia, it may be said, is condemned to a perpetual degradation by its careless animality; but if this be the result of climate, why is the Arab, under a burning sun, independent? Why do the inhabitants of Siberia show less jealousy of liberty than the Pole? Why does the Muscovite accept a yoke which the Frenchman rejects?—and why did Europe once adopt institutions unequal as those of Asia, and now aspire to an unlimited equality? The latitudes are the same, but the sentiments are changed. What, then, is the difference?—a difference in the relations of the constituent populations amongst each other: the nature itself of man is changed by the diffusion and amalgam of races transferring the relation of population to population, of caste to caste, and individual to individual.

According to this theory, political privilege is the result of conquest; and caste and race are terms strictly synonymous; nor is it easy to explain the continued permanence of an unequal distribution of powers amongst a people, however originally acquired, except on the supposition of a correspondent inequality of intellectual force. Wherever two races freely mix, an interchange of physical qualities, says M. de l'Isle, must take place; and the alteration resulting in the balance of physical forces, must draw with it an alteration in the political balance. Applying his doctrine to the inequality of conditions subsisting in modern Europe, the author attributes them to the political coalition of the Gauls and the Franks in France, the Britons, Saxons, and Normans in England, &c. &c.; and the history of the nations resulting from such coalitions does, to a certain extent, bear out the theory. That the mere circumstance of conquest in itself implies an inequality of some sort in the parties, is undeniable. Hitherto that superiority

has been placed to the account of greater strength, valour, or social power of the conqueror; and there inquiry has ended; but such attributes being, as our author advances, referrible to nothing extrinsic to man, neither to climate nor latitude, must, in ultimate analysis, be traced to organization. If the different races which invaded the Roman empire in its decline, be compared with the old European stock, there can be little difficulty in assigning to them a superiority in more than mere bodily strength and animal courage: they certainly did exhibit an intellectual force—a power of national constitution, or of civilization—an aptitude for self-development, which can only be attributed to a noble organization, and which is a necessary datum to explain their ultimate mastery over populations so widely in advance of them in all the arts of life.

Before, however, this fact can be regarded as more than a barren truism—before it can safely be adopted as a guiding principle in the practice of politicians—the science of physiology, in its application to nations, must be greatly extended. In the present state of our knowledge, we should suspect, that inferences drawn from the history of the coloured varieties, and applied to the different races of Caucasian origin, are open to great fallacies. As far as we are acquainted with the different races which have figured in Europe, the Celts, the Teutons, the Slavonians, &c. &c., we are justified in attributing their respective characters rather to native differences of passion and affections, than of mere force of head,—differences as to constancy of purpose, vanity, caprice, industry, and what may be embraced by the one word, conduct, rather than of faculties of a purely intellectual character; and the law by which these qualities are propagated from parent to child, is not sufficiently ascertained, to be safely applicable to an historical question.

With respect to the cerebral development of the several coloured varieties, and their other organic differences, we know that the product of a cross breed is a middle term between the conditions of the two parents; and if the descendants of such a cross intermarry only with one of the original stocks, the cross blood will, at the end of about seven generations, entirely disappear. Hence, it may be inferred, that when any two nations come together in unequal numbers, (the usual conditions of a conquest,) the qualities of the invader would in a century or two be washed out, and the original nation *come out* (to use a painter's phrase) pure and unmixed, as if no such conquest had taken place. Are we, however, prepared to demonstrate that this is in all cases actually the result; and that in the union of races derived from a common variety of the species, this law universally prevails? Among the common people of Rome (the *Trasteverini*) the pure Italian blood is preserved in all its characteristic intensity, notwithstanding the frequent revolutions and invasions from which that city has suffered. In the north of Italy, on the contrary, the German blood shows itself in the fair hair and blue eyes of many families, re-appearing in particular individuals, after having been lost for one or more generations. There, however, the Germans, though more numerous than in the south, must still have formed a small minority of the entire population.

Again, on the supposition of a nearer equality of numbers, have we grounds for determining how far the descendants of a mixed race are better or worse than their ancestors,—or merely a set of individuals inheriting (as we see in ordinary life) the qualities of only one parent, or haply of a collateral, so that the mixture must amount to no more than the shuffling of the suits in a pack of cards?

Admitting the most that can be demanded, there is something apparently too absolute and one-sided in the theory of races. To a certain extent we know that organization is of a plastic nature, and yields to many external impressions, and most especially to that complex influence which we call civilization. If, therefore, we are even compelled to allow that the organic differences between variety and variety are too vast to yield to such influences, (as the facts seem to indicate,) can we still infer the same of those slighter distinctions which subsist in the several white races? On the contrary, must we not conclude that the printing-press and gunpowder have annihilated all political inequality between the members of the great Caucasian family, even though some slight traces of physiological difference between nation and nation may still remain unobliterated?

Whatever influence, moreover, we may be inclined to assign to peculiarities in the different white races, there are circumstances which must be regarded as of vastly more importance in determining our social condition. Such, for example, is the geographical position of a nation. Is not the Arab of the desert more influenced in his condition by the necessities incidental to the soil, than by those of race? Could the finest race of men develop an advanced state of civilization in the steppes of Tartary, as readily as they would in a more accessible region? Has not the insular position of our own country done more to determine the national character and destiny, than either our Saxon or Norman blood, or the accidents of its mixture? Again, looking only at the history of Europe, are we safe in attributing the political development of its nations, even in a remote degree, to the mere influence of race? In the forcible coalition of a conquering and conquered nation, are not interests created which survive the causes in which they arose? The conquest of Ireland, for instance, planted a camp of Englishmen among the Irish nation, and originated a distribution of wealth, privilege, and influence, that operated like a real institution of castes. Notwithstanding the constant influx of English, and the frequent intermarriage of the two nations, the population is, at the present day, as essentially Irish as ever, and the distinction of caste is scarcely diminished. The mere Irish, notwithstanding, have acquired a spirit of resistance to oppression not inferior to that which subsists across the Channel; while, on the other hand, the cause of privilege is defended by the Milesian himself, as often as accident or industry has elevated him to the ranks of its depositaries,—his personal interests overcoming his prejudices of blood. In England, again, aristocracy was established in all its feudal supremacy by the Norman conquest. But though the races intermarried, and the wars of the Roses transferred power and wealth without reference to blood, the institution survived; while the gradual encroachment of the commons which has since shaken it, is obviously connected with the increase of commerce, and with the struggle for religious reformation, much more directly and immediately, than with the nationalization of the Norman race, or its absorption into a common stock.

On the whole, therefore, we think M. Courtes de l'Isle's doctrine is more applicable to the philosophy of the past than of the future; and we believe that whatever may have been the influence of blood in determining the original constitution of European societies, the effect of civilization has been to obliterate the traces of conquest, and to equalize mankind,—not so much by the mixture of races, as by the development of causes whose re-action on humanity overwhelms and absorbs all minor differences. We are not,

therefore, surprised at finding this author mistaken in very many of his practical inferences. With respect to the question of negro slavery, for instance, although we partly agree with him in his estimate of the difficulties which surround the attempt at a real emancipation, yet has he fallen into some dispiriting but erroneous conclusions. By fixing his attention too closely on the physical inferiority of the negro, he overlooks two facts, which we hold to be most influential on the question of emancipation. First, the re-action of the black upon the white; and secondly, the relative value of their several labours in the market. He is thus drawn into some self-contradiction. He lays it down, in accordance with observation, that the legal emancipation of the negro will still leave him, in many respects, a practical slave, as well from the absence of those passions and sentiments which should elevate him in the social scale, as from the prejudices of the whites, who refuse to accept him as a political equal. He justly remarks, that the free negro population of America actually holds the lowest employments in society, and yields the greatest proportion of criminals. Yet he does not the less argue, that the best chance for bettering the condition of the negro, lies in the preserving him a constituent member of the society in which this inequality is a condition. This appears to us eminently Utopian. If the organization must so far prevail, as irrevocably to assign the negro the lowest place in society, it is equally impossible, by any education, or by any legislation, to give him the virtues of independence, or to render him an object of respect in the eyes of the white. Wherever, then, the two populations are coalesced in one society, the morality of both will suffer from the contact: the existence of that elevation of character, which should determine the white to deal justly and generously by his unfortunate fellow creature, will be utterly destroyed; while the black, if unrepresented, will go to the wall, exactly as the unrepresented proletarian does in Europe; and by so much the more, as the distinction of race is added to that of wealth and position. Tyranny, therefore, with all its evils, must prevail; and the union of the two races must continue, as at present, a source of hatred, of jealousies, and of a general low tone of national morality. So, too, if we admit an organic inferiority of the blacks, it follows that, in the long run, they will be driven out of the labour market. Slave labour has been found too dear to be economical, save where the richness of the soil affords compensation to the employer; and the same, we suspect, will be the case, though perhaps in a less degree, with the labour of the free black, especially when machinery shall be introduced into American agriculture, and something more than mere muscular exertion be required of the labourer. Whatever ameliorations may be expected from a legal emancipation of the negro, we cannot consider it as affording a final solution of the difficulties brought upon the white man, by his unprincipled conduct in introducing the coloured races into his society, and subjecting them to bondage; and we believe that the system of free colonization, if judiciously pursued, will alone relieve the slave-holding societies from their embarrassments.

With respect to the application of Mons. de l'Isle's doctrine to European society, it appears to us that the author, confining himself to the most general ideas, has produced nothing which is not too vague for criticism; and that he has advanced no theorem calculated to increase the power of society over its own destinies. That his work may be useful, by calling attention to an element that has hitherto been overlooked in political reasonings, we freely admit; and we

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are satisfied that the train of ideas which he has started merits a full investigation; but in the present state both of our physiological and our political knowledge, the subject must be regarded as one rather of philosophical curiosity, than of practical utility.

The Book of the Thousand and One Nights: from the Arabic of the Egyptian MS. As edited by William Hay Macnaghten, Esq. B.C.S. Done into English by Henry Torrens, B.C.S., B.A.

[Second Notice.]

THE translation before us is made from a MS. formerly in the possession of Mr. Salt, long British Consul in Egypt, and purchased from his heirs by Major Turner Macan, the editor of the *Shah Námeh*. After the latter gentleman's death, the MS. became the property of Messrs. Thacker & Co., Calcutta, who are now publishing it under the editorship of Mr. Macnaghten, of the Bengal Civil Service. One volume has already appeared in Arabic, and the whole work will be completed in four volumes. The first of the translation is now before us; and it promises to be the fullest which has yet appeared.

The present volume does not contain much additional matter: except one or two short episodic tales, like that of the Negro slave Bakaet, introduced in the story of Ghánim, the son of Eiyoub, and the lengthy story of 'Oomr Bin Na'man, which Mr. Lane has not translated, we do not see that it contains anything new, except numerous poetical quotations. Even the story of 'Omar is, we believe, common to every good manuscript; it is to be found in the edition printed at Breslau in 1825, and in that of Cairo; and if we have no English version of it, it is owing to the licentiousness of some of the adventures related in it, which has led Mr. Lane to suppress the greatest part in his version, and to preserve only the two episodic stories of Táj-el-Mulook and the Lady Dunya, and of the Prince Kamar Ez-zeman and the Princess Budoor. Mr. Torrens has been less scrupulous, and the readers will be able to judge for themselves of the merits or demerits of the tale.

'Oomr Bin Na'man, we are told, was King of Baghdád before the Khalifate of Ubdool Mulik Bin Murwán. He had subdued the Persians and the Romans, and the whole earth acknowledged his sway. This king had a son named Shurkán, in whom his father rejoiced, for he was stout of heart. One day, as the King 'Oomr was sitting on his throne, in came messengers from Fureedoon, King of Constantinople, and, after kissing the earth before him, they addressed him thus:—

"O! king, the glorious lord of lofty honour, know that he that sent us to thee is the king Fureedoon, Lord of the cities of Greece, and the armies of Christendom, he that is established in the sovereignty of Constantinople, to let thee know that he is indeed now waging fierce war with an obstinate tyrant, and he is Lord of Cæsarea, and the reason for that is that it fell out one of the Arab kings in ancient time met with in one of his conquests a hoard of the age of Alexander. So he removed therefrom wealth past computing, and in the mass of that he found in it were three jewels of rounded shape of the size of ostrich eggs, and they are from a mine of jewels unsullied, such as one could not find the like to look on, and each pearl is graven in the Greek character with matters that are mysteries, and they have virtues and properties even in great number. Now among their properties is that whatsoever child that is born shall have one of these jewels hung upon him, then shall no evil befall him so long as the jewel remain attached to him, and he shall not cry, nor shall fever ail him. Now when he laid hands upon them, and fell in with them, and knew what were their mysteries, he sent an offering to the king Fureedoon of certain rarities and money, and among the sum of them the three jewels, and he equipped two vessels, the one had in

it valuables, and the other even to guard that present from whosoever should interrupt it on the sea. Now the king was well assured in his soul that there was not one able to detain his vessel, especially as he was king of the Arabs, and the course of the ship in which were the presents was in the sea which was under the sovereignty of the king of Constantinople, and she was bound to him: and there were on the shores of that sea none save the subjects of the king that is greatest, Fureedoon. Now when the two ships were equipped they voyaged until they neared our cities; then came forth upon them certain pirate ships from that land, and in them troops from about the Lord of Cæsarea. So he the pirate took and got together whatsoever was in the two ships of rarities, and money, and the stores, and the three jewels, and they slew the men. Now that news came up to the king, and he sent against them an army, and they routed it; and he sent against them a second army, stronger than the first, and they put it to flight also. So upon that the king was angered, and swore that he would not go forth against them save in his own person with the whole of his army, and that he would surely not turn from them, till he should leave Cæsarea of Armenia ruined, and leave her land and all the towns over which her king ruled, wasted; and his desire of the Lord of the Age, and of these times, 'Oomr Bin Na'man, king of Baghdád, and of Khorasan, is that he should aid with an army from about him, that glory may become his. And he, our king, hath sent to thee with us something in the sort of presents, and he requests of the king's grace their acceptance, and the kindly grant to him of aid.' Then the messengers kissed the earth before him."

Against this Lord of Cæsarea—which city the author places in Armenia—'Oomr sends an army of ten thousand horsemen under the command of his son Shurkán and his wizer Dundan, with instructions to chastise the refractory Christian, and to recover the three pearls—not jewels, as translated by Mr. Torrens—which had been taken from the vessels of the king of Constantinople. The army marched for twenty consecutive days, until they arrived, guided by the messengers, at a valley close upon the enemy's territory. Having encamped his troops, Shurkán ordered a halt of three days, during which he himself, pushed on by his adventurous spirit, leaves the camp alone, in order to explore the neighbouring country. He soon finds himself in the midst of a thick wood, and, hearing a loud murmur at a distance, alights from his war horse, which he ties among the trees, and makes for the spot whence the noise came. Arrived there, he sees a Christian convent, strongly fortified, and surrounded by luxuriant gardens, where the female inmates—for they were nuns, and all as beautiful as the full moon—were solacing themselves. In the midst of these stood the superior,

"As if she were the moon at her fullest, with hair that curled, and forehead brightly shining, and eyes wondrous wide, and black, and temple locks like twisted snakes, perfect in nature and in style, as the poet said of her in these lines:—

She glistened upon me with rare twinkling eyes,
And her shape shamed the javelin, so straight doth it rise;
She burst on my sight—her cheeks tinged with the rose
Every species of charm in their brightness disclose,
For the locks o'er her broad brow fell like likeness is this—
They're the night looming dark o'er a day-break of bliss!"

It appears, however, that this fair damsel was not so perfect in temper as in beauty, for when Shurkán first cast his eyes upon her she was wrestling with her maidens, and, after throwing them on the ground one after the other, she bound them with their own girdle cords. After having thus thrown down and pinioned ten in succession, the damsel—whose name was Ubreezuh, and who turns out, in the sequel, to be the daughter of Urdoob, the Lord of Cæsarea—is upbraided and challenged by an old beldam of the name of Zát ood. After a desperate contest, during which the fair damsel displays her limbs of marble, and her full form of crystal, softly undulating, and a figure that breathed musk, and a bosom like the pomegranate, to the utter bewilderment of Shur-

kán, who is peeping from among the trees, and praying all the while for her success, the old beldam is at last thrown down and pinioned like the rest. At this moment Shurkán comes out of his place of concealment, thinking that he will have no difficulty in making the whole of the maidens his captives; but he is met by Ubreezuh, who challenges him to wrestle,—it being first agreed, that whoever is thrown shall remain a captive in the hands of the victor.

"So then the damsel came, and called to him, 'Oh! Mooslim, come on to the wrestling before the morning rise.' And she tucked up her sleeve from an arm as t'were fresh cheese; that the place even glistened with it. This was so, and Shurkán was quite bewildered, and he leaned forward, and clapped his hands, and she also clapped her hands, and caught hold of him, and he caught hold of her, and the two grappled, and gripped, and strove together. Then put he his hand upon her slender waist, and his fingers sank into the soft folds of her form, and his limbs became relaxed, and he began to tremble like as the Persian came in a violent wind; so she raised him up, and threw him on the earth, and sat upon his breast as t'were a hill of sand sitting on him, and his soul had no mastery over a single sense. Then said she to him, 'Oh! Mooslim, you people now the slaying Nazarenes is permitted with you? What now hast to say on thy being slain thyself?' And he answered, 'Oh! mistress, now dost thou speak as to my slaying thee? that truly is not other than forbidden: for our prophet, Muhummud, God's blessing be on him, and peace! prohibited the slaughter of women, and boys, and old men, and Christian monks.' And she replied, 'As your prophet had that revealed to him, it is proper we give him the equivalent, arise then! I have given thee thy life, for there should no harm be done with noble beings.'"

Shurkán, however, is not satisfied to be thus defeated by "the mistress of the curved rib," and solicits, as an "exceeding courtesy," another trial. A second, and even a third are granted, with no better success. After many entreaties, he is permitted to enter the convent as a guest. Next day, while Shurkán was enjoying the hospitality of the convent, a confused shouting was heard, and the voices of Christian knights, saying, in Greek, "Thou hast fallen among us, oh Shurkán, so make thou sure of death!" and presently one hundred knights, whom Urdoob, Lord of Cæsarea, had sent to make Shurkán prisoner, entered the vestibule of the convent. Ubreezuh refuses to deliver up her guest, on which the knights prepare to seize him; but she remonstrated with them, accusing them of cowardice, for that a hundred knights should attack a single man, on which they consented to fight him one by one.

"Now when he heard the words of the damsel he said to her, 'Truly their onset on me one by one will serve to shield them; why not attack me ten by ten?' So the damsel said to him, 'This struggle is overhurd; one is a match for one.' Now when he heard these words he stood determinedly on his feet, and walked on till he met them, and with him he had a sword, a weapon of strife. So upon that the knight stood stoutly up to him, and bore down on him: but Shurkán advanced to meet him as he were a lion, and smote him with the sword on the sinews of the neck, and the sword shone glittering from his back, and from his bowels. Now when the damsel beheld that, the might of Shurkán seemed mighty to her, and she was convinced that when she threw him in wrestling she threw him not by her strength, but by her beauty and her loveliness: then went the damsel before the chivalry, and said to them, 'Take vengeance for your comrade.' So then came forth to him the brother of the slain, and he was a giant, a fierce warrior, and he bore down upon Shurkán; but Shurkán let him not wait ere he smote him with the sword on the nerves of his neck, and the sword came forth glittering from his entrails. So upon that the damsel called aloud, 'Oh! ye servants of the Mus-seh! take vengeance for your comrade.' And they ceased not attacking him one by one, and Shurkán playing with his sword upon them until fifty knights

had come forward to him, and the damsel looking at them."

After this, Shurkân takes leave of Ubreezuh, and, quitting the convent, makes for his camp, where no sooner is he arrived, than he gives the order for his army to retreat,—for he now knew, by Ubreezuh's account, that the story of the pearls was a fiction: besides, the Princess had pledged her faith to join him on this condition. After a march of five and twenty days, the army approaches the territories of King 'Oomr Bin Na'man. Shurkân, who commanded the rear-guard, had remained a considerable distance behind, with one hundred horsemen,—

"And lo! before them a dust, and a dark cloud of sand. So they checked their steeds from the progress many an hour until the dust opened, and there appeared beneath it an hundred horsemen, lions, grim-visaged, and cased in plate, and mail! Now when they got near Shurkân and those were with him, they shouted to them and said, 'Now by Johanna, and Miriam, we have attained what we aimed at, for we have followed you, persevering on the journey night and day, until we overtook you at this place; so come down from your horses, and give us your arms, and trust yourselves to us, that we may give you your lives.' Now when Shurkân heard this, his eyes stood in the crown of his head glaring open, and his cheeks grew red, and he said, 'Wherefore, oh! Nazarene dogs, have ye ventured, and have ye come to our countries, and have you wended to our land! and is not this enough for ye that ye endanger our souls, and address such speech as this to us? Think ye that ye will 'scape from our hands, and will return to your cities? Then shouted he to the hundred horsemen, that were with him, and said to them, 'On with ye! and as for these dogs, surely they are just of your number!' And he bared his sword and bore down on them, and the hundred horsemen bore down with him. Now the Franks stood to meet them with hearts stouter than rocks, and men clashed against men and the valiant fell upon the valiant, and the slayer inflicted wounds, and the fight waxed hot, and the terrors of battle were mighty, and prate or parley was vain, and they stinted not in onset, nor in fight hand to hand, nor in smiting with the weapons of war, until the day turned back, and the night came on with clouds of darkness. Then parted they either from the others, and Shurkân got together his comrades, and there was not found one stricken among them save four souls that had gotten wounds. Then said he to them Shurkân 'Wullahy! my life long have I waded in the sea of clamorous onsets, and of manslaying, but never have I met any enduring the attack with swords, and clashing of men, like to these valiant ones!' Then said they to him, 'Know, oh! king, that there is among them a Frankish horseman, and he is leader over them, he indeed hath valour and skill to make spear thrusts that would pass through his opponents; Wullahy! he swept us away, great and small, and every one that came before him, he passed him by and slew him not; for Wullahy! had he intended our slaughter, he might have slain us, even all of us.' Now Shurkân was astounded when he saw what he had done, and heard this report of him, and he said, 'At early dawn to-morrow will we draw up, and rush upon him, and here be we an hundred, and they an hundred, and I will seek aid against them from the Creator of the Heavens.' So they rested that night in that intent; but for the Franks surely they got together to their leader and said to him, 'Truly we did not get the better to-day over these Arabs.' And he replied to them, 'At early dawn to-morrow will we draw up, and we'll attack them one by one.' So they rested in that intent, and both separate sides kept guard until the Almighty granted light in the dawn of day. Then mounted the king Shurkân, and his hundred horsemen mounted with him, and went to the battle-field all of them; then found they the Franks had drawn up for battle; then said Shurkân to his comrades, 'Truly our foes had purposed what they intend; so away with ye and let the assault be on them.' Then called there a crier among the Franks, 'Let not our battle be this day save in succession, so as a champion of yours shall attack a champion of ours.' Now upon that dashed out a horseman from among the

comrades of Shurkân, and he passed in between the two ranks and said, 'Where's he will make the assault? where is he will prepare for fight? will not there one assault me to-day, cowards, nor put me down?' And he had not finished his speech, ere there assailed him a horseman of the Franks, enveloped in his armour, and his surcoat of gold stuff, and he was mounted on a white steed, and that Frank had no budding hair upon his countenance. So he urged on his steed until he stood in the midst of the battle-field, and the Arab set to with him at blows and thrusts, and it was not but a little while, ere the Frank thrust him with the lance, and toppled him from his steed, and took him prisoner, and led him off subdued. Now his party rejoiced in him, and forebade his going forth to the field of fight, and they sent forth another, than he. Then came there forth to him another of the Mooslims, and even he was brother to the captive, and stood with him in the field, and the two bore down either against the other a little while. Then rushed the Frank upon the Mooslim, and shook him in his seat, and thrust him with the butt of the lance, and toppled him from his steed, and took him prisoner. So the Mooslim ceased not going out one by one, nor the Franks taking them captive until the day turned to go, and the night came on with clouds of darkness, and they had taken prisoner of the Mooslims twenty horsemen. Now when Shurkân beheld that, he esteemed it a serious matter, and gathered together his comrades, and said to them, 'What is this thing that hath befallen us? I will go forth at dawn to-morrow to the battle-field, and try an onset with he that leads them, and see what is the reason of his entering our countries, and I will caution him from doing battle with us: then if he refuses will we slay him, and if he is reasonable, will we treat him well.' So they abode in this way until the Almighty caused the morn to dawn. Then mounted the two bands, and either side drew out in order; and Shurkân meant to go forth to the field, and behold! the Franks had come down on foot more than one-half of them before a horseman, one of them, and they went on before him until they reached the middle of the battle-field. Now Shurkân took note of that horseman, and lo! the horseman was their leader, clad in a blue surcoat of satin, and his face as 'twere the moon were there when it rises, and upon him a mail shirt narrow in the links, and on his hand a sword worked in hind; and he was mounted on a sorrel steed, on his face a white spot like a dirhem, and that Frank had no budding hair upon his countenance. Now he pressed his steed with his heel, and went on to the middle of the field, and signed to the Mooslims, and he kept saying in the Arabic tongue, well spoken, 'Ho! Shurkân! Ho! son of 'Oomr Bin Na'man! Ho! thou that lordest over the fortresses, and wastest the cities! away with thee for the assault, and the fight, and attack one hath halved the battle-field with thee! For thou art chief of thy party, and I am chief of my party; so whosoever of us overcomes his fellow, let his fellows' party stay beneath his sway.' Now he had not done his speech, ere Shurkân attacked him, and his heart was full of fury, and he urged his steed until he neared the Frank on the field, and closed on him like the raging lion. And the Frank encountered him in the field with wariness and steadfastness, and met him with a meeting as warriors use. So the two took to thrusts and blows, and stinted not of onset, nor retreat, nor rally, nor retiring, as 'twere two mountains clashed, or two oceans dashing together; and they ceased not the fight until the day turned to set, and the night came on with clouds of darkness. Then each of them parted from his fellow, and returned to his party. Now when Shurkân foregathered with his comrades, he said to them, 'I have not seen like to this horseman ever! truly I see an excellent trick in him I have not seen in any except him; and this is it, that though a deadly weapon shows about his foes, he reverses his own lance, and smites him with its butt end! But truly I know not what will be the issue 'twixt him and me; and 'tis my wish that there were his like in our army, and the like of his comrades.' So Shurkân went to rest. Now when the morning dawned, the Frank came forth to him, and came down into the midst of the field, and Shurkân met him. So the two took to the fight, and were prodigal of attack, and of prowess; and men's necks were

thrust forth to see them, and they stinted not in onset, and in strife, and thrusting with the lance until the day turned back, and the night came on in clouds of darkness. Then parted the twain, and returned to their troop, and each of them was relating to his comrades what befel him with his fellow. Then said the Frank to his comrades, 'To-morrow will be the decision of the strife.' And they rested that night till the dawn. So the twain mounted, and each bore down on the other, and stinted not the onset till half the day was past; then after that the Frank contrived an artifice, and he urged his steed with the heel; then checked him with the rein, so that he stumbled with him and fell with him. Then Shurkân threw himself on him, and meant to smite him with the sword in dread lest the strife should be prolonged, and the Frank shouted to him, and said, 'Oh! Shurkân, the knights use not after this fashion, for this is the deed of the vanquished by women.' Now when Shurkân heard the words of that horseman, he turned his eye upon him, and fixed his gaze on him: then found he him the Queen Ubreezuh with whom that had befallen him which befel him in the convent. So when he recognized her he cast the sword from his hand, and kissed the earth before her, and said to her, 'Whatever was it carried thee to deeds like these?' And she replied to him, 'I desired to make acquaintance with thy prowess in the field, and look upon thy constancy in fight, and in the jousting, and these that be with me are my handmaids, even all of them, and all be girls, virgins, and they have vanquished thy knights in the throng of the battle-field, and if 'twere not that my steed stumbled with me, thou wouldst have seen my might, and very fierce valour.' So Shurkân smiled at her saying, and answered her, 'Thanks be to God for preservation, and for my meeting with thee, oh! queen of the Roumish! Then shouted the Queen Ubreezuh to her damsels, and gave them order to alight on foot after they had released the twenty captives whom they had taken from the troop of Shurkân. Then did the damsels like as she ordered, and then kissed they the earth before Shurkân and Ubreezuh: so said he to them, 'Your like do men keep close about kings for the day of need.' Then signed he to his comrades to salute them, and they alighted on foot all of them, and kissed the earth before the Queen Ubreezuh, for they had learned the story. Then mounted the two hundred riders on horses, and fared on night and day for six days, and after that they arrived at the lands of Shurkân; and he bade the Queen Ubreezuh and her handmaids leave off the Frankish raiment that was upon them."

This tale is altogether of a nature so distinct from that of the generality of the stories in the Arabian Nights, that we do not hesitate to pronounce it to be the production of another age and country. It will be found, if well considered, to bear more analogy to the Romance of Antur, or that of Libar, than to any Eastern tales hitherto known in Europe. The military scenes described in it are unlike any to be met with in the Arabian Nights: everything bears the stamp of a warlike people. The hero breathes nothing but war; even his love is not like the melting sensibility of the Arab, but has something of the coarseness of a savage warrior. On the whole there is strong evidence throughout that it is the composition of a man living among a military and half-civilized nation, such as were the Tartars, during the greater part of the sixteenth century.

It is unnecessary to remark that the story is entirely fabulous, and swarms with anachronisms. 'Oomr Bin Na'man is said to have been King of Baghdad before the time of the Khalif 'Abd-el-Malik Ben Merwân, that is, before the 65th year of the Flight, when it is well known that the foundations of that city, which became in time the capital of the Arabian Empire of Asia, were laid down by Aboo Jaafar El-Mansoor, the second khalif of the house of 'Abbâs, who, in the year 145 of the Flight, ordered a new city to be built on the site and with the ruins of Modain, the ancient Ctesiphon. In like manner the author puts into the mouth of Shurkân some verses which were the composition of Jamil, an Arabian

poet, who lived after the period alluded to in the story. However, examples of this kind are too common in all Eastern tales to deserve consideration. The author of the present has evidently mixed together the exploits of the early Moslems against the Greeks of the Lower Empire, as related by Waked and other historians, with the wars of the Crusades. He calls the Christian knights *Batrarkah*—from the Greek word *Batricos*—an appellation given by early Arabian writers to the Roman generals of the Eastern Empire. The Emperor of Constantinople is called Afreedoon, or Fureedoon, the name of an ancient Persian monarch, who was the conqueror of Zobák. The Frankish pirates mentioned in the tale, may have been either the Venetians and Genoese, who, during and after the wars of the Crusades, infested the Mediterranean, or the Northmen, whose piratical incursions were more than once directed against the coast of Syria and Greece.

Mr. Torrens's translation is, on the whole, faithful, although there are some rather awkward mistakes; as at p. 446, where, in the enumeration of the kingdoms possessed by 'Oomr Bin Na'man, he says:—"he was king of the land of the Negroes and the islands of the seas," and "whatso is in the earth, from the rising of the sun, like as Sihoon, and Jihoon, and Nile, and Euphrates," instead of "whatever is in the earth (of countries watered by famous rivers), as the Sihoon, the Jihoon, the Nile," &c. Such passages, however, must be considered as oversights, rather than as arising from a want of knowledge of the language, for the translation, far more difficult, of the poetical extracts, with which the present edition abounds, is executed in a manner which could hardly be excelled. The style of the work will, we fear, sound oddly to English ears; for the translator has tried to imitate the Oriental phraseology, and he has so far succeeded, that any tolerable Arabic scholar could, on reading the English version, translate it into Arabic with little deviation from the original. But this, which to the scholar may be an advantage, will be considered an imperfection by the English reader, who may be at a loss how to understand such expressions as "he stood between his hands," and others which occur constantly in the translation. There was no need either continually to repeat certain forms of expression, however frequent in Eastern tales—especially such as "so goes the tale," "there is no need for iteration," and others similar, which served the reciter as so many resting-places whereat he might take breath, and which have been struck out of the best manuscripts.

Like most Oriental scholars, the translator follows his own system of orthography. We do not blame him for it, for till one is devised which shall satisfy alike the German, the French, and the English, every author has a right to choose for himself,—provided always, that a general rule be laid down and observed throughout, which is not always the case in the present translation. We doubt, however, whether Arabic words ought in any case to be spelt as now pronounced in India. Notes are generally wanting to this translation, and the few which are appended add nothing new to our stock of information respecting the East. The translator informs us, in the preface, "that he had fully intended doing so, but was prevented by circumstances which removed him to a distance from the means of reference necessary to such a task." We regret this the more, as both ancient as well as Mohammedan India are but imperfectly known to us. Explanatory notes, too, are often wanting; thus in the story of Ghanim Bin Uyoob, when Zootool Kuloob is released from the box, she exclaims,—"O! Zoobeeluck! Shujrut ood door! Noor-ul-hooda! Nujmutoor Soobh! be he here? Noozhuh

Hoolwah! Zureefuh! speak." Now what can the English reader understand by such passages! Surely he ought to have been informed that the fair entombed is calling her servants, and that their names mean, in English, "Beautiful as Morning," "Tree of Pearls," "Light of Direction," "Morning Star," "Delightfully Sweet," "Elegant." The work, too, swarms with errors of the press: Shujrut-ood-door (p. 422), instead of *Shujrut-ood-doon*; the country of Tumun (p. 446), instead of the country of Yemen—or, as the translator spells it, *Yumun*; Zoobeiduk for Zoobeydah, &c.

With all its imperfections, however, the present translation must be considered as a valuable addition to our Oriental literature, and, as such, we shall anxiously look forward to the publication of the remaining volumes.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Vols. III. & IV.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we proceed further with our extracts, we must allow the biographer to tell a pleasant anecdote of personal adventure. Mathews was playing at Leeds, and wrote to his wife, hinting a wish that she would join him. Mrs. Mathews, however, thought it prudent to decline, but next morning, like a true-hearted wife, her resolution failed her, and she took a place in the mail and started:—

"I had been assured that I should arrive at Leeds about ten o'clock at night; but, to my great chagrin, when the coach changed horses for the last time, at Wakefield, my remaining fellow-traveller informed me that it was then twelve! Dispirited with all sorts of vague fears (amongst the rest, that Mr. Mathews, not being apprised of my intention, might have altered his plans and left Leeds,) I became very uneasy. It was past one o'clock when I was deposited, with my snuff-box of a trunk and my dressing-case, at the door of the inn to which I had directed my last letter, and at which my husband's recent despatch had mentioned his intended stay. The doors, as might be expected, were fastened for the night; and, after vainly attempting to knock upon somebody to admit me, my conductor bethought him that there was another entrance at the back of the house, and tapping at the door, a sleepy porter opened it. Now, for the first moment, I felt all the embarrassment of my situation; and when I was asked what I wanted, I hardly knew how to express myself. However, I inquired for Mr. Mathews; and, to my very great relief, found that he was still there—that is, still at Leeds, but not at that moment in the house. 'Mr. Mathews was gone out to supper.' A load was taken from my spirits by this removal of my doubts, and this certainty aroused my energies anew. The porter offered to call his 'missus,' who in a few minutes appeared. The moment she looked at me her manner became repellingly distant—her eyes severe, as they surveyed my disordered and harassed appearance. 'Who pray,' (without even the courtesy of 'Ma'am,') 'who, pray, do you want?' said the landlady in a suspicious tone. 'I wish to see Mr. Mathews,' said I, faintly. 'Oh,—indeed!—well,—you come at a strange time of night to see a gentleman,' reasonably enough observed the landlady. I acknowledged the truth of this; but said I had come from London. 'Did he know you were coming?' 'He did not,' I replied; 'but still I expected to find him here, as it was by his wish that I had taken the journey—and in fact—I was Mrs. Mathews.' This avowal, which I thought would settle everything and end the reserve and disrespect of the lady, served only to increase her repulsive manner. 'O,—h!' cried she, 'you are, are you?' I was now overpowered at this implied insult, and could not restrain my tears; fatigue and agitation wholly unfitted me for further exertion. This emotion found its way partly to the womanly heart of mine hostess. 'Well, well, young woman, I can say nothing to all this, further than that Mr. Mathews is gone out to supper with some friends—the porter is sitting up for him—and as it is near two o'clock, he can't be long; and, therefore, if you like to sit in his parlour till he comes in, you

may—and I will call a chambermaid up to remain with you till he returns.' I gladly accepted this offer; and 'Betty chambermaid,' being roused from her rosy slumbers, came down in a huffy sort of humour, and moved about the 'parlour,' as if putting things to rights, but clearly with the view of seeing what sort of lady it was who had appeared at such an unusual hour, and upon such an errand. I really was so worn in body and mind, so exhausted in strength and spirits, that I had lost all power of self-sustainment. At last, finding it impossible to keep my eyes any longer open, I asked to be shown to Mr. Mathews's sleeping-room. After a moment's hesitation, the maid ushered me up to, I believe, the highest room in the house. There, after unpacking my trunk, and undergoing the refreshment of soap and water, I somewhat recovered my faculties, and, while giving instructions to the woman to apprise Mr. Mathews on his return of my arrival, it suddenly occurred to me to ask whether George was gone to bed, regretting that I had not at first inquired for him. The woman stared. I repeated my question, adding the word 'servant.' She said Mr. Mathews had no servant. 'What then,' said I, with some surprise, 'is the carriage gone on?' She did not know—she 'supposed' (i. e. was sure) 'Mr. Mathews had no carriage.' 'Oh then, probably he has left it to follow him,' I reflected audibly. 'She 'didn't know.' At last she placed the night-lamp on the chimney-piece, and left me. In a few minutes afterwards, just as I was stepping into bed, she and her mistress (the latter in an undress) dashed hastily into the room, both exclaiming—'Stop, stop! you can't sleep here! you can't sleep here!' 'More affronts!' thought I,—more mortification! The matter, however, was soon explained. It was true I was in Mr. Mathews's room—but not the Mr. Mathews I came to see—but a Mr. Mathews! a young traveller for a mercantile house, who 'frequented' this inn, and of whom alone they thought when I appeared,—and naturally so, as no other was then domesticated there!—Here was the climax to my 'misery'—not merely the mistake in which I might have been left—dreadful to think of.—but the positive wretchedness of finding that my husband was gone! One solace, however, under my distress was afforded me. The landlady, now seeing the whole affair in its true light, instantly altered her manner, became respectful and kind, and explained the whole mystery of her reserve and distrust. The young man whom she supposed I inquired after was a *known bachelor*; and therefore my claim upon him was of course not very charitably construed. She proceeded to account for my husband's absence. He had, it seems, waited for a return of letters from home; and receiving one from me (the one in which I had given no hope of a compliance with his half-request that I would come to see him), had accepted an invitation to Wakefield."

There was a succession of miseries arising out of this adventure, but we cannot spare room for them.

After a short engagement at the English Opera House, Mathews paid a hurried visit to Ireland. On his return through Liverpool, his old "Cruet of Cayenne," Mr. Kyley, the "Itinerant," paid him the customary visit. Here is a sketch to the life:—

"*Poor Triste!*—So you will act! Ha! I saw it growing upon you, when you were here last. Why give up your own profession? You degrade yourself! Well, I wish I could do what you can; I'd see the managers at the devil. There she sat—(meaning his deceased wife)—I've her miniature in my pocket. Do you smoke! Ah! I love porter. You are a lucky fellow; but I promised not to croak. I place the two chairs by me at Parkgate that supported her coffin; then I go and drink with the farmers. Ah! you're a queer fellow—you don't like society—my monkey, too, is dead since I saw you—the greatest beauty!—always keep the miniature; it shall be buried with me.' 'What! the monkey?' 'No, no; how can you joke on such a subject? I love monkeys: they are better than half mankind. — is a monkey, but not so good,—I mean as Anne, poor soul! I wish I had a cigar; but it would annoy you. God bless you—you are rich—give my love

"• Meaning his 'At Home.'"

to your little woman.' 'I have long given her all mine,' said— C. MATHEWS (*exist Triste*)."

A letter from Mr. R. B. Peake contains some pleasant remembrances worth extracting:—

"I must tell you a good little bit which occurred a few days since. The excellent, kind-hearted Dr. Kitchiner, in his extreme *bonhomie*, thought that he had hit on the means to reconcile the conflicting interests of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Haymarket, and English Opera House (no easy task). To accomplish this desirable object, he invited Messrs. Henry Harris, Elliston, Arnold, and Morris, to dine with him: the latter did not accept the invite. But the Doctor never recollected how seriously the respective managers were at 'daggers drawn.' When they met in the Doctor's library (the only guests) it was a scene of inconceivable surprise. Harris was perplexed; Elliston assumed an air of infinite grandeur; Arnold had the tact to see the Doctor's well-meant intention, and contrived to meet his powerful opponents with pleasantry. Dinner was served, the Doctor's best, for a small party. Of course, there was some embarrassment with the high contending powers, until Mr. Arnold, breaking the ice, proposed, that the very best thing the rival managers could do, would be to avoid all conversation on theatrical affairs. This was agreed to by all but Kitchiner, who wanted their dramatic differences settled that night at his table; and with this feeling the Doctor continually interlarded the discourse in spite of the efforts of his visitors to refrain from attacking each other. The wine circulated (the Doctor's wine, as he gave away much of it, always wanted keeping); Harris and Arnold joked, and avoided all hostile allusions; but Elliston was unable to conceal his patent dignity, and had become rather tipsy. He rose, and placing his hand on Arnold's head, he exclaimed in a pompous manner, 'Minor manager, I will lay my hand on you and crush you!' This prodigious threat, of course, produced hearty laughter.

"I have met at the house of the father of my worthy colleague, John Hamilton Reynolds, an odd, quaint being, by name Thomas Hood. He appears to be too modest to let a pun; but when it is effected, it is capital. On better acquaintance (though he is the most shy cock I ever encountered), I think I perceive under his disguise one of the shrewdest wags of this age. I predict, that before your present authors are worn threadbare he will be your man."

Mr. Peake (says Mrs. Mathews) proved to have the gift of second sight, for "one of my husband's most effective entertainments" was from the pen of Mr. Hood. The following stage coach adventure has done duty before, but it will be new to thousands:—

"Mr. Mathews, on his way homewards from the north, just after the assizes, on entering the mail, was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. * * The passengers were very agreeable men; one, a Scotchman—always a safe card. At the close of the evening, the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sunk back to sleep, looking like the veiled prophet; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a 'comfortable.' * * Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding, however, a cordial farewell to a large, bearded, and ominous-looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions 'a good night,' reminding them that he had paid his share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three inmates, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without further loss of time. Since the three gentlemen had 'dropped off,' the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen, and the man I have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, appropriately enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over by the snow. * * All were disconcerted at this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very ill-humour with the odious fourth. They, however, seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new-comer, but endeavour to regain their be-

fore happy unconsciousness. They had not, however, been spending a jovial evening, as he had whose 'absence' they would have 'doated upon.' He was in anything but a sleeping mood; and, after a few minutes' rustling about, in order to settle himself, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c., (all which was received with a sullen silence,) he asked, in a voice which sounded like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand—'Coompany! oop or down?' Answer made *they none*. Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be 'agreeable,' and desirous to prove himself a polished gentleman, 'Coompany! oop or down?' Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such uncourteous return for his polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, 'Dom it!—I say, Coompany—oop or down?' Still not a word; and, with another 'dom,' he allowed 't'window' to remain down. It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make him unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But, no: he continued restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

Change came o'er the spirit of his dream;

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow, which then fell upon him; and he saw it now with a degree of stupid wonder, and exclaimed, in audible soliloquy, 'Eh!—what's this? whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—eh! it's awful. Coompany!—wake up and see t' snow!—eh! they're all asleep. Whoigh, it's wonderful and awful! What a night—what a night! Eh! God preserve all poor mariners on the western coast this night!' Then roaring out once more, with increased vehemence of tone, 'Coompany! wake oop, I say, and see t' night! * * In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke:—'I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for us, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you have done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since. You're a positive nuisance.'—'Eh!' said he of the frieze coat; 'I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as others—dom! aw've paid my fare, har'n't I?' said he, (his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration, 'Aw'm a respectable man—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody anything. I pays King's taxes—I'm a respectable man, I say. Aw help to support Church and State.' On he went, with all the senseless swagger of cup valour and self-laudation, till he of the 'comfortable' again grumbled out his anger. Again the huge drover (for such he was) thundered forth his rights and summed up his title to respect—'Eh! dom!—what have I done? I coom'd into t' coich loike a gentleman!—didn't I? I was civil!—wasn't I? I said, Coompany, oop or down? But ye none o' ye had the polioitness to answer? ye were not loike gentlemen!!!' * * At length his sense of oppression became so strong, that his independence reached its climax, and he boldly declared that he would not hold his tongue, or be quiet—no, not for Baron Hullock, nor the great Mr. Brougham (or, as he pronounced the name, Mr. *Bruffem*), himself was in 't coich.'—My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, now conceived a desire to amuse himself with his fellow-passenger. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered, Mr. Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half-whisper said, with affected caution, 'Hush! you are not aware, but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!—The drover seemed to quail under this intimation. 'Whoigh! you don't say so?'—'Fact, I assure you; and the opposite to him is Lady Hullock!' (The Scotchman in the white drapery over his head began to titter at this.) 'Whoigh! good God! don't tell me that! Eh! what shall I do? Good Lord! what have I said? Art thou sure?' 'I am indeed,' said Mr. Mathews; 'they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and I am Mr. Brougham.' 'Eh!' roared the man in a tone of actual terror, 'let me go! let me go!—

(struggling to open the coach door)—let me go! I'm no coompany for sitch gentelfolks; aw've no book-larning; I'm no but John Luckie. Let me get out—here, guard! Stop! stop! I wain't roide here any longer!' The guard was insensible to this; and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. 'Eh! what, is there a bairn i' t' coach too? Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me, I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. Aw'm a respectable mon, pays King's taxes. I said, Coompany, oop or down? I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn.' The child's cries now increased. 'Eh! ma poor bairn, where art thee? Dom! what moost I do? Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a night! Guard! I'm not fit coompany for Baron Hullock and Mr. *Bruffem*, I know. Let me out, I say! At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and as soon, rolled this porpoise of a man, who again begging the *Baron* and his *Lady* to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of 'Mr. *Bruffem*,' he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove. —The two inside gentlemen (who had been trying to stifle their amusement) now laughed outright, and thanking Mr. Mathews for his device, they all three recomposed themselves, now and then catching by the wind a broken phrase from John Luckie, as he gave vent to his feelings to the coachman and guard:—'Baron Hullock!—Respectable mon!—Bairn!—'Oop or down!—My Lady Hullock!—Mr. *Bruffem*!—'Church and State,' &c.; all which must have puzzled his listeners without, who doubtless attributed his account to the quantity of rum-toddy which they might suppose had filled his brain with such unreal mockeries."

When Godwin was engaged on 'Cloudsley,' he wrote to Mathews to say, that as a part of the incidents required disguises, and as he was anxious not to shame probability, he requested half an hour's conversation, and to have his memory refreshed as to the power of destroying personal identity. Mathews soon satisfied him on the subject:—

"Soon after he had convinced Mr. Godwin that he might venture to assume such a power of deception possible in his own plot, a gentleman (an eccentric neighbour of ours) broke in upon us just as Mr. Godwin was expressing his wonder at the variety of expression, character, and voice of which Mr. Mathews was capable. We were embarrassed, and Mr. Godwin evidently vexed at the intruder. However, there was no help for it; the servant had admitted him, and he was introduced in form to Mr. Godwin. The moment Mr. Jenkins (for such was his name) discovered the distinguished person he had so luckily for him dropped in upon, he was enthusiastically pleased at the event, talked to Mr. Godwin about all his works, inquired about the forthcoming book,—in fact, bored him through and through,—at last the author turned to my husband for refuge against this assault of admiration, and discovered that his host had left the room. He therefore rose from his seat and approached the window leading to the lawn, Mr. Jenkins officiously following, and insisting upon opening it for him, and while he was urging a provokingly obstinate lock, the object of his devoted attention waited behind him for release. The casement at length flew open, and Mr. Godwin, passing the gentleman with a courteous look of thanks, found, to his astonishment, that Mr. Jenkins had disappeared, and that Mr. Mathews stood in his place!"

Mathews, it appears, took great pleasure in attending the debates in the House of Commons, and was accustomed on these occasions to sleep at the house of a bachelor friend, who lived at Millbank. One night, when long sitting had cramped his limbs, and rendered his lameness very painful, he was proceeding slowly to his place of rest:—

"All at once he heard a low tinkling sound behind him,—he stopped, and the sound ceased also; again he proceeded at his slow pace, and again the sound was heard. Its metallic character annoyed him, and

he was not only curious to ascertain whence it proceeded, but anxious to shape his own course so as to elude the tiresome effect. Still, however, the sound seemed regulated by his motions, as if it were a part of them; for every time he made the experiment of a stop it immediately stopped too, and as soon as he resumed his walk so soon was the clinking noise resumed. The morning was cloudy, and objects, except quite close, not easily discerned. However, as he could not but suppose that whatever caused this teasing and persevering accompaniment to his steps must have a will and power to direct it independently of him, he resolved to out-stay the effect, or at least the cause of such effect, and leaned against a railing determined to give patience reins. * * In a minute or two, the metallic sounds were to be heard for the first time while he was inactive, and in the next moment, out of the dusk of the atmosphere, a human figure came close up to him, rather a startling circumstance at such a time and in such a place. The figure then paused, and in mild and very harmonious tones, observed, 'I'm afraid, sir, you are suffering? you seem in pain.' Mr. Mathews replied, 'No; I'm rather cramped by long sitting in the House of Commons, that's all.'—'But you seem lame, sir!'—'Yes; I am rather,' was the answer. 'Allow me, sir, to offer you my aid; I too have come from the House of Commons, and it seems, am going your way. It will really give me pleasure to see you safely home and assist you with my arm.' Mr. Mathews could not discern whether the person's dress was that of a gentleman or not; he could only perceive that he wore a long coat, resembling a great coat. It was hazardous to make companionship with an unknown, *unseen* person; however, the kindness of his proffer, the tone of his voice, and, perhaps, more than all this, Mr. Mathews's infirmity of limb, proved powerfully persuasive, and he accepted the offer of the stranger's arm, who kindly, and affectionately even, pressed him to lean hard and not spare him, assuring him that he had been used to attend an invalid, and knew how to feel for one; above all, entreated him to walk as slowly as he liked, for that he himself was in no haste. Just then my husband recommenced his course; and lo! on his very first step, the harassing noise was once more audible. He stopped, as if irresolute. The man mildly inquired whether his pain had returned? Mr. Mathews made an excuse and proceeded, and so did the noise. In a minute a policeman turned the corner, and looking at the wayfarers wished them a good-night. My husband fancied that his companion started and was agitated, and this fancy made him involuntarily pause, with an imperfect intention of asking protection of the policeman.—But from what? While this crossed him the policeman had left the spot; his companion kindly awaited his intimation of proceeding, and on they walked,—sometimes slow, then quicker,—the humane stranger talking loud but without much method, as my husband hobbled silently by his side, speculating upon the probable termination of the adventure. Suddenly a lamp gleamed for a moment upon them as they passed under it; my husband's eyes were cast down upon the way his steps were taking, and to his infinite horror he discovered the cause of the noises that had so puzzled him—a fetter was fastened round the ankle of the stranger, from which hung a bit of chain, or something that had been broken from a hold, the end of which striking against the fetter had evidently occasioned the clinking noise described! My poor husband was in reality arm-in-arm with an escaped felon! He had presence of mind, however, after the first pressure which the discovery induced his fingers to make upon the man's arm (and which drew forth an anxious inquiry from his supporter) to conceal his knowledge, but he walked a little quicker, anxious to end the adventure, and somewhat in doubt of the manner in which it might please his new friend that it should end. At last it was necessary to cross the road to the house, and the man asked, in some trepidation, 'Are you then at home, sir?' My husband replied in the affirmative, and begged not to trouble him to cross the road with him; but the stranger's courtesy was not so to be stinted—and he carefully assisted his charge to the door. Mr. Mathews was about to thank him for his services, and to offer him payment for them. Before he could speak, however, or put his hand into his pocket for

the purpose of giving a trifle to the wretched man, he darted away from the door, and was invisible, and noiseless too, in a few moments. My husband's manner of accounting for this singular adventure was, that this person was of course anxious to proceed without attracting notice, and in following the steps of another he calculated that his own whereabouts would not be so noticeable. The frequent halts made by his companion in advance, naturally made him timid of proceeding, until at last finding lameness or illness to be the cause, he reasonably conceived the advantage of joining himself to a companion who so obviously required an attendant, and thus of diverting the attention of the police from himself, as the sound which necessarily accompanied his movements would not be so distinct while *talking* and *walking* with another person as if silent and alone."

An anecdote or two of John Kemble may not be unacceptable. Mathews was a great sight-seer, and, of course, paid a visit to the Hottentot Venus.

"He found her surrounded by many persons, some females! One pinched her, another walked round her; one gentleman poked her with his cane; and one lady employed her parasol to ascertain that all was, as she called it, '*natural*.' This inhuman baiting the poor creature bore with sullen indifference, except upon some great provocation, when she seemed inclined to resent brutality, which even a Hottentot can understand. On these occasions it required all the authority of the keeper to subdue her resentment. At last her *civilized* visitors departed, and to Mr. Mathews's great surprise and pleasure, John Kemble entered the room. As he did so, he paused at the door, with his eyes fixed upon the object of his visit, and advancing slowly to obtain a closer view, without speaking to my husband, he gazed at the woman, with his under-lip dropped for a minute. His beautiful countenance then underwent a sudden change, and at length softened almost into tears of compassion. 'Poor, poor creature!' at length he uttered in his peculiar tone,—'very, very extraordinary, indeed!' He then shook hands silently with Mr. Mathews, keeping his eyes still upon the object before him. He minutely questioned the man about the state of mind, disposition, comfort, &c. of the Hottentot, and again exclaimed, with an expression of the deepest pity, 'Poor creature!' I have observed that at the time Mr. Mathews entered and found her surrounded by some of our own barbarians, the countenance of the 'Venus' exhibited the most sullen and occasionally ferocious expression; but the moment she looked in Mr. Kemble's face, her own became placid and mild,—nay, she was obviously pleased; and, patting her hands together, and holding them up in evident admiration, uttered the unintelligible words, 'Oh, ma Babba! Oh, ma Babba!' gazing at the face of the tragedian with unequivocal delight. 'What does she say, sir?' asked Mr. Kemble gravely of the keeper, as the woman reiterated these strange words: 'does she call me her papa?' 'No, sir,' answered the man: 'she says, you are a very fine man.' 'Upon my word,' said Kemble drily, with an inclination of his head, as he took a pinch of snuff for the first time since he entered, which he had held betwixt his finger and thumb, during his suspended admiration and surprise: 'upon my word, the lady does me infinite honour!' Whether his fine face in reality struck the fancy of the lady, or whether Mr. Kemble's pitying tones and considerate forbearance of the usual ceremonies, reached her heart, it is certain that she was much pleased with him. The keeper invited him once more to touch the poor woman, which Mr. Kemble again declined, retreating, again exclaiming in tones of the most humane feeling, 'No, no, poor creature, no!'—and the two actors went away together; Mr. Kemble observing, when they reached the street, 'Now, Mathews, my good fellow, do you know this is a sight which makes me *melancholy*. I dare say, now, they ill-use that poor creature! Good God! how very shocking!'—and away he stalked, as if musing, and totally forgetting his companion until the moment of separation recalled his recollection."

On another occasion Mathews accompanied John Kemble home after a dinner party, at which the latter had taken wine rather too freely.

The tragedian insisted that Mathews should enter, and desired the servant to bring up the supper tray:—

"It was in vain that Mr. Mathews protested against further hospitality. Mr. Kemble was too much excited to have his spirit easily laid; and, surrounded as he was with books, he began a disquisition upon their authors, above all, his '*beloved Shakespeare*!' on whom he discoursed most eloquently, after taking a volume from the shelf, and devoutly kissing the binding. At length the tray was brought in with wine and water, &c., and with it entered an enormous cat, decorated with a red collar and a bell. The appearance of his favourite cat called forth its master's most affectionate notice, and many relations of its extraordinary powers of understanding, its devoted attachment to its master's person, &c. were detailed to Mr. Mathews. *Mustapha*, Mr. Kemble declared, had much of human feeling of the best kind in his composition; he described how he watched his return home, mourned his absence, &c., and grew maudlin in its praise. The animal seemed, indeed, happy in its master's presence; and it looked up in his face as it composedly lay down before him. Mr. Mathews mewed; Mr. Kemble, turning round at this sound, which he believed to proceed from the cat, observed, 'There, my dear Mathews, do you hear that? Now that creature knows all I say of him, and is replying to it.' This amused my husband, and he repeated the experiment in all the varieties of feline intonation, mewing, purring, &c. Mr. Kemble, at last, said to him, in his slow and measured tones: 'Now, you don't know what he means by *that*, but I do. *Mus!*—*Mus!*' (on every iteration of this affectionate diminutive, raising his voice to its most tragic expression of tenderness)—'umph! My dear sir, that creature *knows* that it is beyond my usual time of sitting up, and he's uneasy! *Mus!* *Mus!*—but *Mus* was sleepy and inattentive, and his master resumed his criticisms upon the different readings of Shakespeare, talked also of *Lope de Vega*, and was again interrupted by a *mew*, as he believed, from the dissatisfied *Mus*. 'What,' asked his fond master, looking down upon him, 'what is it you desire, my good friend?' (*Mus*, alias Mathews, mewed once more, in a more supplicating and more touching tone.) 'Well, well! I understand you: you want to go to bed. Well, I suppose I must indulge you.' Here Mr. Kemble deliberately arose, put down his book upon the table, with its face open at the page to which he had referred, took a measured pinch of snuff, and somewhat tottered to the door, which he with difficulty opened. He then awaited *Mustapha's* exit; but *Mustapha* having no voice in the affair, preferred remaining where he was; and his master kindly reproached him with being a '*little capricious*' in first asking to go, and then preferring to stay.' With a smile and look at my husband of the gentlest indulgence towards his favourite's humour, he tottered back again to his chair, resumed his declamatory observations upon the relative powers of dramatic writers, and their essential requisites, till the troublesome *Mustapha* again renewed his mewing solicitations. Mr. Kemble once more stopped, and looking again at the imaginary cause of his interruption with philosophic patience, asked,—'Well, *Mus*, what would you have?' Then, after another pause, turning to his guest, said: 'Now, my dear Mathews, you are fond of animals, and ought to know this one; he's a perfect character for you to study. Now, sir, *that cat* knows that I shall be ill to-morrow, and he's uneasy at my sitting up.' Then benevolently looking at the cat, added,—'Umph!—my dear *Mus*. I must beg your indulgence, my good friend; I really *can-not* go to bed yet.' *Mus* whined his reply, and his master declared that the cat asked to be allowed to go away. On the door being a second time opened, after similar exertion on Mr. Kemble's part to effect this courtesy, and several grave chirpings in order to entice *Mus* from the fire-place, the animal at length left the room. Mr. Kemble then returned, as before, to his seat, drank another glass of wine and water, and, just as he was comfortably re-established, the incorrigible *Mus* was heard in the passage again, in loud lament, and importunate demand for readmittance. 'Umph!' said Mr. Kemble, with another pinch of snuff,—'now, *that animal*, sir, is not happy, after all, away from me.' (*Mus* was louder than

A touch of pathos;—and then the reader must refer to the volume itself for further illustrations.

At last he comes!—why did he stay so long.
From her (the fond one!) who listens, none he's near,
For his approaching steps, to a song,
For he still, she feels, to her is very dear!
Though he has done too much her young heart wrong—
But he's loved her as he ought, I fear—
Else he would not, for a snatch of crowning bliss,
Have brought his own one to a pass like this!
He comes! and she crows with joy, like infancy—
And for the time, forgets her trouble and is gay:
And begins, with her ruined heart, to try
To make excuses for his long lingered stay:—
"He was busy, perhaps—and Society
Had calls—calls which, poor fellow, he must obey!"
And this was the fond, young thing, whom Juan
(for that was his name), had brought to ruin!

The poem has copious notes,—dashing and lively beyond expression; and, as all personal facts connected with genius are interesting, we may mention that we gather from them a confirmation of our previous conjecture as to the locality of the address given in the 'poem to the poem.'

Poems, by John Hanson, though not avowedly put forward under the shadow of the ghost's theory, seem to adopt his views on independence of rhyme and metre, and offer some useful examples of their application. This author, however, appears to have some misgivings,—as the tone of his introduction to the reader is modest and deprecatory, and he proceeds, in the construction of his 'uncabin'd' rhymes, on a principle of compensations, which seems to suggest that he is haunted by the old metrical equities and other poetical traditions. "Hereafter," he says, "I may produce something possessing greater claims to originality;" but, in the meantime, he takes his ground in the new school with an unassured step. His principle of compensation is exhibited in a tendency to make his lines come right, after all, upon an average,—one which is too short being usually balanced, in the same sentence, by another which is too long. Here is evidence of an arithmetical ear and an equitable mind, which suggest that he is in some danger of falling back on the old models. The lines marked in italics in the following passages, are examples of the "poetical justice" to which we have alluded:—

The soul
Will baffle sorrow in our early youth,
Though not extract its sting, whose venom lurks
Unseen, and turns the core to bitterness:
An inward blight, sapping the feelings, [short]
Chilling e'er thought; a deadly alchemy [doubtful]
Converting flesh to marble, gold to dross;
A petrification of the spirit, which ne'er [long]
Glow as it has glow'd, &c.

So much for metres. His eccentric rhymes are perpetrated with a bolder hand:—

Welcome, sister, welcome now,
Wide unfold the gates of glory:
In regions where life's fountains flow,
There is a vacant throne for thee.

Within a narrow span, livid and pale,
That form more beautiful than the sons of men.
The tomb confess'd him mortal, but the veil
Which shrouded the glory of the face of heav'n,
Rending in thunder, spake.

And as I drank their murmurs in,
Of constancy enduring,
Alas! how little dreamt I then,
The hour was nigh for parting.

Mr. Baxter himself could not execute with a finer freedom than this. Of the value of the poetry which is presented in this 'free and easy' style, our readers shall judge for themselves, from the following complete specimen:—

To Helen.

If Venus, my darling, should seek for a train
Of beauties earth-born to surround her,
On whom first, do you think, her bright glances would rain,
Or where should she thought the fairest be found her?
A Helen, they say, was the glory of Greece,
And ruin'd all its heroes at will,
She died, but my sweet one, her race did not cease,
For young Helen's the loveliest still.

Polymesia, or Missionary Toils and Triumphs in the South Seas, is one of those poems which, where they are executed in the spirit of peace, of which they make profession, are taken out of the category of strict criticism by the sacredness of their purpose and the earnestness of the author. It is intended to picture the progress of missionary labour in the islands of the Pacific Ocean; and this is effected by a series of episodes, illustrating the moral darkness under which they sat when visited for the purpose, and the

beneficent spirits and holy charities that have crept from their obscure hiding-places at the sound of the church-going bell. The volume is not calculated to do much more for the subject than call attention to it. It is in the heroic measure,—neither much above nor below the ordinary class of college prize-poem,—and illustrating, of course, only one side of the question, by such conspicuous facts as can be put together, and reasonings not quite equal to their purpose. We cannot concede to the author the originality which he claims, either as regards his subject or its scenery; and, of the device by which Nera conceals her lover in a sparry cave from those who seek his blood, we have a more interesting version in the 'Island' of Lord Byron. The following description and character of the missionaries is a favourable example of the author's poetry:—

Denying self—devoting all to Heaven—
Through howling wastes—on stormy waters driven—
All dangers braving—shafts, by night, that slay—
The noisome pestilence that walks by day—
The bitter pangs that spring from broken ties—
From faithless friends, or home-sick memories!—

Fathers—yet stifling in the father's breast
The thoughts that bound them to the love that bless'd!
Husbands—yet exiles from their cherished hearth,
That heaven, through them, may be revealed to earth!
Brothers—and yet prepar'd to part with all,
That heathen isles may hear the Gospel-call!
Sons—and yet merging in the filial heart
The exile's sorrow in the apostle's part!
Lovers—yet sacrificing earthly love
To Him, whose symbol is the mystic Dove!

And the following may serve as a specimen of his manner of arguing his subject. To a Christian, and as denoting 'a foregone conclusion,' his reasoning may pass—but to carry new convictions and break up old superstitions, it seems scarcely adequate. A converted maiden is attempting to convert her yet infidel lover:—

"Strange is thy speech!" he said; "much love for me
Distracts thy gentle mind's serenity:
And yet—while night unfurls her starry pall—
Tell me of Him, on whom thy teachers call!
Where is his dwelling? where his temple? where
His priests, that bring him sacrifice and prayer?"

Fondly her lover's hand is pressed in hers:—
She speaks—what strange delight his bosom stirs!
"That God," she said, "to whom the Christians pray,
O'er ocean, earth, and heaven, extends his way;
Yon starry worlds are ministers of his,
Peopled with souls, and bright with endless bliss.
Around thee now, his form is hovering dim;
Our isles were formed and fertilized by him:
Yet, for his gifts of life, and field, and flood,
He asks thy gratitude, and not thy blood!
For Him, no mangled limbs pollute the air,
His temple is the heart—his incense prayer!"
"Hush!" said the youth—for still a secret dread
Its chill on his benighted spirit shed—
"Hush! know'st thou not dread Oro's ears and eyes
Hear all we say? see all that we devise?"

"Nay, fear thou not! Oro, indeed, has ears
And eyes—but Oro neither sees nor hears!
I'll teach thee whom to fear!"—

"Say on—say on!
For see," he cried, "the night will soon be gone;
And Oro's ministers will greet the light,
And drag the rash blasphemer to his sight!
Yet, while the darkness spreads her raven wing,
Say on! I long to see thy wondrous King!
But,"—and he cast his eyes around,—"*—speak low!*
Speak as if every tree concealed a foe!"

"Nay rather," she resumed, "bid me proclaim
To listening worlds the glory of his name!—
Greatness with goodness infinite combined!
Wisdom, and might, and mercy unconfined!
His eye the sun—his breath the living breeze—
The clouds his chariot, and his path the seas!
Pervading all things—boundless in his way—
Such is the God to whom the Christians pray!
Such is the God, who, from his throne above,
Sends to our isle the Messengers of Love!"
Thus passed the night, with heavenly converse fraught,
Till morn surprised the teacher and the taught.
They rose to go; but still he seemed to plead
For some new proof of her adopted creed:—
"Nera! thou sayest thy God is ever near—
Ever before us—yet he is not here!
Show me his form—his foot-prints on the shore—
Let me but hear his voice—and I adore!"

"See God?—On Him no eye of flesh may look!
That sight the seraphim alone may brook!"

"Nay, try me—if thou wouldst insure belief—
Or show, at least, some servant from thy Chief."

"Then lift thine eyes! See where yon clouds are rolled
Along the sky, like waves of burnished gold!
Look steadfastly! What seest thou in yon skies?"

"The sun."—"The sun?—then why avert thine eyes?"

"Nay—surely thou dost mock me—'tis the light—
The dazzling sun—that overpowers my sight!"

"O'erpowers thy sight!—and yet wouldst look on Him
Whose very 'servant' turns thy vision dim?
Nay—say! till thou canst brook the sun at noon,
Believe—but do not ask that fearful boon!"

'The Cathedral; or, the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England.'—It is not the province of a paper like this to enter into the question of comparative antiquity, the claim to which has been, of late years, prominently put forward on the part of the Church of England against that of Rome; but we may properly observe, that the revival of that spirit which led Hooker to assert church discipline, to the full extent of the earlier ages, and from which 'pious George Herbert' drew the inspirations of his quaint and holy song, seems to have had its share in infusing a vigorous independence of thought into that portion of the literature of our day which, whether in verse or prose, has, of late years, rather abundantly issued from the press at Oxford. To the readers of the 'Lyra Apostolica,' and 'Christian Year,' the volume before us, devoted to a sort of literary consecration of the fabric of the church in all its details, will be a treasure beyond what genius could supply; but the multitude will find in it more of quaintness than beauty. Like Herbert's poem of 'The Temple,' the book before us, which is very richly illustrated, divides the visible church into its various architectural parts, and attaches to each, in verses that have considerable poetic beauty, their supposed spiritual and mystical meanings. We question, however, whether true piety is not more likely to be impeded than advanced, by the attempt to trace a fanciful connexion betwixt "the sacred things of the soul," and any matter of mere outward substance, however consecrated by time or religious influences. There is, surely, in this a savour of that Romanism which is the bugbear of the day,—as well as a tendency to spiritual pride and narrow-mindedness. The limited sanctity which attaches itself to forms and places is apt to be overweening in its pretensions, and, like the Antichrist of prophecy, to "seat itself in the place" of that Being who is a spirit, and whose best worship is "in the spirit and in truth." Our business, however, is with the literary merits of the volume, rather than its theology; and a specimen or two which we shall give, will, we think, prove to our readers, that it partakes of that manly and independent tone of thinking which have recently characterized the prose works of the same press.

The Ancient Church.

Unto the East we turn—from the cold burn
Of our dull western cave, Faith's pensive mood
Sets there her trance'd cyllid, gathering fold
Of solemn thoughts which make her less forlorn,
And back to Apostolic morn is borne
There, from her evening and dim solitude,
She joins the companies of the wise and good,
Who walk upon the Gospel's glorious morn—
Their dwarf dimensions of mortality
Seeming to grow upon the golden sky,
Beyond the cold shade of imperious Rome!
Ambrose and Basil, either Gregory,
Clement and Cyril, Cyprian's earthly home,
And the free lips of glowing Chrysostom.

We have mentioned that the author has drawn much of his inspiration, as well as his forms, from 'Holy George Herbert.' Our readers may compare the following sonnets on Prayer,—the first by the author of this volume, and the second by old Herbert himself.

Hidden, exhaustless treasury, heav'n-taught Prayer!
Armory of unseen aids—watchword and spell
At which blest Angels pitch their tent and dwell
About us—glass to bring the bright Heav'n's near—
Sea of eternal beauty—wondrous stair
By patriarch seen—key leading to a cell
Where better worlds are hidden—secret well
Where love with golden chalice may repair,
And slake his thirst, nursing with fragrant dew
Heav'n's lilies fair, and rose on wild-wood spray,
Calm thought and high resolve! strange instrument,
Wherewith from spheres serene Music is sent
Into the mind, throwing o'er all fresh hues,
And mystic colourings—yet we cannot pray!

PRAYER—the Church's banquet; angel's age;
God's breath in man returning to his birth!
The soul in paraphrase; heart in pilgrimage;
The Christian plummet, sounding heaven and earth;
Engine against th' Almighty; sinner's tower;
Reversed thunder; Christ's side—piercing spear;
The six-day's world—transposing in an hour;
A kind of tune, which all things hear and fear;
Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss;
Exalted manna; gladness, of the best;
Heaven in ordinary; man well dressed;
The milky way; the bird of paradise;
Church-bells, beyond the stars heard; the soul's blood;
The land of spices; something understood!

We are glad to close this article in music—to conclude with the trumpet tones of the quaint old poet. We suspect that the quotation in which we have somewhat largely indulged this week will convince our readers, that our merit consists far more in the much we reject, for their sakes, than in the little we are able to present to them.

Ireland, Social, Political and Religious, by Gustave de Beaumont, translated by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D. 2 vols.—We received an early copy of this work, and brought it immediately under the consideration of our readers (Nos. 604-5), as containing the opinions of a distinguished foreigner on a subject of great and increasing interest: we have now, therefore, only to announce the publication of a translation. Dr. Taylor has judiciously abridged some of the details respecting the law and the administration, and has added some useful notes to the historical introduction.

Life of James Watt, by M. Arago.—This work was also noticed in the *Athenæum* so soon as published (Nos. 613-14-16). To the present translation is added a chapter 'On Machinery, considered in relation to the property of the working classes,' a subject often discussed in this Journal, and to the consideration of which M. Arago has not brought anything very novel, either in the way of facts or argument; an 'Eulogium' on Watt, by Lord Jeffrey, from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and an 'Historical Account of the Discovery of the Composition of Water,' by Lord Brougham.

List of New Books.—Character and Costume of Turkey, Italy, &c. folio, morocco elegant, 2l. 3s.—Jack Sheppard, by W. Harrison Ainsworth, 3 vols. post 8vo. cl. 2s.—Real Pearls in a False Setting, by the Count de la Pasture, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Walks and Wanderings in the World of Literature, by Grant, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Aristocracy in America, edited by F. J. Grund, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Oliver Twist, by Boz, new edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 25s.—Lothian's New Edinburgh General Atlas, 45 maps, large folio, half-morocco, 11. 11s. 6d.—Grandville's Illustrated Fables, royal 8vo. cl. gilt. 14s.—Ogle's Western Australia, 8vo. with coloured map in side pocket, and 4 plates, cl. 4s.—The Penitent, a Domestic Story of the Nineteenth Century, post 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—The Christian Exodus, "Discourses," by the Rev. R. P. Buddicom, 2 vols. fc. cl. 2nd edit. 14s.—Collins's Perranzabuloe, 4th edit. 12mo. cl. 8s.—Victor's Parochial Minister's Manual for Visiting the Sick, 12mo. bds. 3s. 6d.—Thomson's Family Prayers, 10th edit. fc. cl. 3s.—Food for Babies, or the First Sermons Children can Understand, 18mo. cl. 3s.—Jones's Memoirs of Mrs. Sarah Louisa Taylor, with Introductory Essay, by Nathaniel Pearson, 3s. 6d.—Hofland's Farewell Tales, 12mo. roan, 5s.—Bernard's Guide of the Hebrew Student, 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Clay's Notes on the Psalms, 12mo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Knight's Oriental Outlines, fc. 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Muller on the Glands, by Samuel Solly, 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—Whittaker's Chemical Diagrams of the London Pharmacopœia, 8vo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Boileau's Key to the German Language, royal 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Simeon on behalf of the Jews, royal 32mo. cl. 2s.—Jonathan Edwards on Revivals, by J. A. James, &c. 8vo. swd. 2s. 6d.—Finney's Lectures on Revivals, by Patton, &c. 8vo. swd. 2s.—Fragments from the Study of a Pastor, by Gardner Spring, New York, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Life of Lord Nelson, by Clarke and McArthur, Division I. 8vo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Osborne's Hints for the Amelioration of the Moral Condition of Village Population, 18mo. swd. 1s.—Hints to the Charitable, 3rd edit. 18mo. swd. 1s.—Bowring's First Lessons in Natural Theology for Children, 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Prayers of King William III., new edit. by a Clergyman, 32mo. 1s. cl. 6d.—Account of the Trial of the Rev. Thomas Emlyn, June 14th, 1703, by G. Matthews, 8vo. swd. 6d.

ATTEMPTS AT ENGRAVING THE DAGUERRÉO-TYPE PICTURES.

THAT many important uses to which the Daguerreotype may be applied, render it a subject of great interest; and, accordingly, endeavours are everywhere making to overcome the difficulties of the process, and facilitate its adaptation to useful purposes. Amongst the numerous applications which have been proposed, few are more valuable than taking copies of the picture, when obtained, by some process of engraving the plate. Several attempts have been made, both in France and in England, to effect this object, but hitherto with but partial success. A M. Donné has at length announced that he has succeeded in engraving the photogenic images, and producing impressions from them; and some of the plates so engraved have been exhibited to the Royal Academy of Paris. M. Arago has also read to the Academy a letter from M. Daguerre on this subject, in which he gives some further particulars relative to the history and development of his discovery, in reference to the subject of engraving. In the original experiments of M. Niepce, sen., a bituminous varnish

was employed, and attempts were made to engrave the plates by the action of an acid; but from the action of the acid being equally strong on all parts, this process, M. Daguerre states, gave very imperfect results. It was not at all applicable to designs obtained in the camera obscura, because the deep shadows were the only parts thoroughly exposed to the acid, the middle tints always remaining covered with a thin coat of varnish. This difficulty was, however, overcome by M. Daguerre, who proposed to use the residuum of the essential oil of lavender in place of the bituminous varnish. This substance, when dissolved in alcohol, and applied on a plate of metal, does not form a continuous covering, but presents over the whole surface a multitude of small spherules of resin, leaving the metal exposed between them. Still, the results obtained wanted distinctness, and there was too little gradation in the shades. In this way, however, designs on plates of metal and glass were etched; the latter with fluoric acid, and the designs then rendered evident by rubbing a black powder into the cavities formed by the corrosion of the acid. In May 1831, M. Daguerre discovered the action of light upon the iodide of silver in contact with silver; and in 1835, he first observed the action of the vapour of mercury. After mentioning these facts, M. Daguerre proceeds as follows:—

It may be imagined, that during the four years which intervened between these two discoveries, I made numerous experiments, and that, employing metallic plates, I often endeavoured to fix the images by engraving. At this period I did not know that the image existed on the surface of the iodide of silver before it was visible, and I waited until it was rendered evident by the iodide: this image was, however, uncertain, because the coloration was indefinite, and, besides, the lights and shadows were reversed. In this state the acid acted differently upon those parts which had, and which had not been subject to the action of light, and I obtained, by their application, a very feeble engraving. An experiment which I made on a plate just taken out of the camera obscura, on which the image was brought out by the coloration of the iodide, taught me that a perfectly white compound was produced by the action of carbonic acid gas on the coloured parts of a slightly moistened plate: by this process, then, the lights and shadows were restored to their natural relation, but the middle tints were yet imperfect. I had observed, that, on putting some chlorate of potash into a capsule, and heating it with a lamp (in an apparatus something similar to that which is now employed for the mercurial vapour), the image on a plate, produced by the coloration of iodide, became light, just in the manner it is now brought out by the mercury. Even after having discovered the application of mercury, the process was far from being complete. I saw, with sorrow, the fragility of the image—that is to say, the facility with which friction removed the mercury—and I was anxious to give it a greater degree of permanence. I therefore commenced a series of experiments with the aid of acids, and I obtained various results; amongst others, I tried a dilute mixture of nitric and muriatic acid, and likewise several acid vapours, but the results were defective, and always from the reason before mentioned—namely, the impossibility of biting with acid, without the intervention of the engraver's art: besides, I knew that silver is too soft to give even a small number of impressions. I must say here (continues M. Daguerre), that the object which I had in view, in these experiments, was not that of obtaining impressions, but, by filling up the cavities formed by the acid, with black, to give shadow to the images. Now that the process is arrived at a much greater state of perfection, so that the results bear examination with a lens, I am more than ever convinced of the impossibility of obtaining impressions by any engraving upon the plate itself, which shall at all approach the perfection of the picture. In conclusion, M. Daguerre, after assigning some technical reasons for this opinion, thus concludes:—But I do not regard as impossible the transference of the mercury to some other body. It would be a great improvement if means were discovered of blackening the surface of the silver, in the shadows, without attacking the mercury, otherwise the brilliancy of the metal would be destroyed.

On this subject we must observe, that M. Niepce,

when in England in the year 1827, professed not only to have discovered some chemical means by which the images could be engraved, but, further, that he then exhibited engravings and impressions, said to have been so produced, and which are still in the possession of his friend, Mr. Bauer. After all, M. Daguerre's objections apply specially to the ordinary processes of engraving; but we would submit to the consideration of the speculative, whether it is possible in any way to avail themselves of the important discovery of Dr. Jacobi, to which we have before alluded, and which we are now enabled more fully to explain by an extract from a letter sent by the Doctor himself to Mr. Faraday, and just published in the *Phil. Magazine*.—"It is some time since, that, during my electro-magnetic labours, a fortunate accident conducted me to the discovery that we might by voltaic action make copies in relief of an engraved copper-plate, and that a new inverted copy of those in relief might be obtained by the same process, so that the power was obtained of multiplying the copper copies to any extent. By this voltaic process, the most delicate and even microscopic lines are reproduced; and the copies are so identical with the original, that the most rigorous examination cannot find the least difference. I send you in the accompanying packet two specimens of such plates, which I hope you will accept with kindness. The one which is in relief is the copy of an original engraved with the burin; the second is the copy of that in relief, and consequently identical with the original. The third is the original plate, but covered with reduced copper. I had the intention of making a second copy, but unfortunately the plates adhere so strongly at times that it is impossible to separate them. I cannot tell the cause of this intimate union which occasionally occurs, but it appears to be the case only when the copper at the surface of which the reduction is effected is brittle, and consequently is lamellar and porous. I may dispense with describing more at large the apparatus that I make use of. It is simply a voltaic pair à cloison where the engraved plate is used in the place of the ordinary copper plate, being plunged in the solution of sulphate of copper. I have found it necessary that a galvanometer with short wires should always make part of the circuit, so that one may judge of the force of the current and direct the action; the latter being effected by separating the electro-motive plates more or less from each other, or modifying the length of the conjunctive wire, or finally, diminishing more or less the conducting power of the liquid on the zinc side; but for the success of the operation it is of the greatest importance that the solution of copper should be always perfectly saturated. The action should not be too rapid: from 50 to 60 grains of copper should be reduced on each square inch in 24 hours. The accompanying plates have been formed, one in two days, the other in one day only, and that is the reason why their state of aggregation is not so solid and compact as that of the small piece, No. 4, which has been reduced more slowly. It is to be understood, that we may reduce the sulphate of copper by making the current of a single voltaic pair pass through the solution by copper electrodes; as the anode is oxidized the cathode becomes covered with reduced copper, and the supply of concentrated solution may then be dispensed with. According to my theory, one might expect that exactly the same quantity of copper oxidized on one side would be reduced on the other; but I have always found a difference more or less great, so that the anode loses more than the cathode gains. The difference appears to be nearly constant, for it does not augment after a certain time, if the experiment be prolonged. A thoroughly concentrated solution of sulphate of copper is not decomposable by electrodes of the same metal, even on employing a battery of three or four pairs of plates. The needle is certainly strongly affected as soon as the circuit is completed, but the deviation visibly diminishes and very soon returns almost to zero. If the solution be diluted with water to which a few drops of sulphuric acid have been added, the current becomes very strong and constant, the decomposition goes on very regularly, and the engraved cathode becomes covered with copper of a fine pink red colour. If we replace the solution of sulphate of copper by pure water acidulated with sulphuric acid, there is a strong decomposition of water even on employing a single voltaic couple.

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The anode is oxidized, and hydrogen is disengaged at the cathode. At the commencement the reduction of copper does not take place; it begins as soon as the liquid acquires a blue colour, but its state of aggregation is always incoherent. I have continued this experiment for three days, until the anode was nearly dissolved; the colour of the liquid became continually deeper, but the disengagement of hydrogen, though it diminished in quantity, did not cease. I think we may conclude from this experiment that in secondary voltaic actions there is neither that simultaneity of effect, nor that necessity of entering into combination or of being disengaged from it, which has place in primary electrolytic actions. During my experiments many anomalies respecting these secondary actions have presented themselves, which it would be too embarrassing to describe here: in fact, there is here a void which it will be difficult to fill, because molecular forces which, as yet we know nothing of, appear to play a most important part. With respect to the technical importance of these voltaic copies, I would observe that we may use the engraved cathode, not only of metals more negative than copper, but also of positive metals and their alloys, (excepting brass,) notwithstanding that these metals, &c. decompose the salts of copper with too much energy when alone. Thus one may make, for example, stereotypes in copper which may be multiplied as much as we please. I shall shortly have the honour to send you a bas-relief in copper, of which the original is formed of a plastic substance, which adapts itself to all the wants and caprices of art. By this process all those delicate touches are preserved which make the principal beauty of such a work, and which are usually sacrificed in the process of casting, a process which is not capable of reproducing them in all their purity. Artists should be very grateful to galvanism for having opened this new road to them.

OBSERVATIONS ON PROF. POWELL'S 'EXPLANATION OF SOME OPTICAL PHENOMENA OBSERVED BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

St. Leonard's, St. Andrew's, Oct. 7, 1839.

HAD I been able to attend the last meeting of the British Association at Birmingham, as I was anxious to have done, I should not have had occasion to trouble you with this letter. But as I perceive, from your very valuable report of its proceedings, that certain researches of mine, 'On a New Property of Light,' which I had communicated to the Liverpool and Newcastle Meetings, have been discussed in my absence by Prof. Powell, I feel it incumbent on me to make some remarks on his communication.

When I submitted a notice of this new property of light to the Physical Section at Liverpool, Prof. Lloyd, and Prof. Macculagh, of Trinity College, Dublin, gentlemen thoroughly acquainted with this branch of Physical Optics, concurred with me in regarding the few facts as inexplicable by the undulatory theory. A member of the Section, indeed, threw out the idea, that the peculiarity in the phenomena might arise from the prism, which in one position had its thinnest end, and in the other its thickest, placed behind the retarding plate.

On my return to Scotland, I made this suggestion the subject of inquiry, and, in order to put it to the test of direct experiment, I conceived the idea of using what is called the *interference spectrum*, which is not produced by a prism, but by a number of parallel grooves cut on a polished steel surface. The late Sir John Barton had executed for me such a beautiful series of these grooves, from 312 to 10,000 in an inch, that I was enabled to make this experiment in the most perfect manner; and the result of it was, that the *very same phenomena* were observed in the spectrum formed by interference, as in the spectrum formed by a wedge of glass.

This important fact, and many others, to which I had been led, I communicated to the Physical Section of the Association at Newcastle, and, in the presence of the most distinguished philosophers in Great Britain,—Sir John Herschel, Sir William Hamilton, Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., Prof. Lloyd, and Prof. Macculagh,—I maintained that the phenomena, now disembarassed from the shape of the prism, indicated the existence of polarity in the

simple homogeneous rays,—a property not recognized by any of the theories of light.

Under these circumstances, I was surprised to observe in your Number for September 7th,† that Prof. Powell had communicated to the Physical Section at Birmingham a number of experimental results, almost the same as those which I had obtained; and that he had announced, without any hesitation, an explanation of the phenomena on the principles of the undulatory theory.

"He conceives that all the facts are easily explicable by interference, if combined with the simplest considerations as to the manner in which the spectrum is received by the eye;" and after describing the phenomena, as produced by a difference of thickness and of refractive power in the retarding plate, he concludes with the following explanation:—

"These phenomena, as well as those ascribed to polarity, appear perfectly explicable, on the same principle as that referred to in another communication—viz. that the two pencils which interfere are the two halves of the parallel pencil of each ray which converges in the eye, and whose breadth is equal to the aperture of the pupil; the intercepted half being that which has passed through the less thickness of the prism, and whose retardation is thus equalized with that of the other half," &c.

In the phenomena above referred to, there are two different classes of facts—viz. those easily explicable by interferences, and those which I consider as indicating polarity. The first of these classes of facts, as Prof. Powell should have stated, were discovered by Henry Fox Talbot, Esq., who first communicated them to me, and afterwards published a brief notice of them in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, with a satisfactory explanation of their cause. The phenomena which I discovered, and regarded as indicative of a new species of polarity in the simple elements of homogeneous light, are of a more perplexing nature, and were regarded as such by the distinguished philosophers whom I have named; and though Prof. Powell has pronounced them to be easily explicable by the simplest considerations, yet I have no doubt that a more deliberate examination of the subject will remove this erroneous conception of their character.

The easy and simple consideration on which Prof. Powell's explanation rests, is that one of the two halves of the parallel pencil of each ray passes through a certain thickness of the prism, while the other, or the half intercepted by the retarding plate, passes through a less thickness. Now I deny this position altogether. It is an assumption physically erroneous; and I maintain that every elementary part of the spectrum consists of rays which have passed through all the different thicknesses of that portion of the prism which receives the incident beam of white light.

But even if Prof. Powell's major proposition had been true, the explanation which he has founded upon it would have been overturned by the experiment already referred to, in which I have shown that the phenomena indicating polarity, are produced in the *interference spectrum*, where the varying thicknesses of a prism have no existence.

I regret much that Prof. Powell has not waited for the publication of my paper in the *Philosophical Transactions*. It would have saved him the trouble of making experiments already made, and of hazarding hypotheses that have no foundation.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D. BREWSTER.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE observe by the American papers, that Mr. Fenimore Cooper has commenced a criminal prosecution against Mr. Webb, the editor of the *New York Enquirer*, for a libel, and, according to the report in that Journal, actions for damages against the proprietors of several other papers into which the libel was copied. According to the *ex parte* statement of Mr. Webb, the circumstances are as follows: Mr. Cooper's work, 'Home as Found,' was intended, and calculated, to produce an impression abroad, that he (Mr. Cooper) was a gentleman of high aristocratic pretensions, the scion of a noble English family, living on "the estate of his father" in a kind of baronial style, surrounded by a dependent peasantry, consonant alike to his early education, his noble

descent, and habitual tastes, while his countrymen were a set of ignorant, vulgar, uncivilized bores, suitable subjects for the jests and jeers of his noble English visitants and his French governess. Mr. Webb, therefore, who spent years of boyhood in the neighbourhood, and who knew that nine-tenths of Mr. Cooper's neighbours were persons of better family than himself, thought it his duty to expose the assumption of this, and to state what he knew to be facts—that Mr. Cooper was descended of humble, but honest parents; that his father was a hawker of fish through the streets of Burlington, subsequently a wheelwright, who, by industry and enterprise, rose to be judge of the county where he now resides; that his paternal [maternal] grandmother, Mrs. Fenimore, for twenty years occupied a stall, and was a vender of vegetables in the Philadelphia market, and is well remembered by many, who often exclaim, when their vegetables are not so fresh as they should be, "Alas, when shall we again see such as Old Mother Fenimore furnished us?" We do not see the value of this as a justification;—but the whole affair reads strangely as coming from America. It also appears by our own papers, that, on Thursday last, the Master of the Rolls granted an injunction, at the instance of Mr. Bentley, to restrain some person from publishing 'The Headsman,'—the copyright of which, so far as respects Great Britain and Ireland, has been purchased by Mr. Bentley;—and we are informed that it is the intention of Mr. Bentley and Mr. Cooper, to take legal proceedings against other parties who have published other works of Mr. Cooper's, believing that they were at liberty to do so, in consequence of those works having been also published in America.

The arts have their cycles in space, as well as in time: and the process by which they are returning, in their modern form and European features, to the East, from whence they sprang, is in daily operation. Egypt, which has so long sat, like the mummy of the past, in the wrappings of antiquity, is gradually assuming the garb of the present, under the presiding auspices of her Pacha. Amongst his many commissions to Europeans, we see it announced in the *Paris journals* that he has commissioned M. Horace Vernet to paint the battle of Nezh; and that the artist in question is on the immediate eve of embarkation at Marseilles, for Alexandria, with that view. We further learn, that two artists are to form part of the suite of the Extraordinary Embassy just appointed to proceed to the Shah of Persia, by the French government. The selection was left to the Institute, and has fallen on M. Pascal Coste, Professor of Perspective and Architecture, at the School of Design at Marseilles, already known for his work on the monuments of Egypt—and on M. Flandin, a young and promising painter.

From the Report attached to the Journal of the Asiatic Society, just published, we learn with much pleasure that we may hope to receive ere long 'The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain,' translated from the Arabic by Señor P. de Gayangos. This work comprises a narrative of events during a period of nine centuries, from the time of the invasion of Spain, in 710, to the final expulsion of the Moriscos in 1610, and is said to contain ample details of the manners, customs, and literature of the Western Arabs.

We have from time to time brought under notice the commendable exertions of the various continental and American governments to establish a system of National Education, in the hope that we might thereby stimulate our own countrymen, and help forward this all-important question; and just when we were laughing at Lord Brougham's last gyration—the last kick given to consistency—the "we are beaten"—the "plural unit"—

Great body corporate of one,
Important omnes solus—

we stumbled on the Report of the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia. There have been, it appears, established in that empire during the last five years, 1 university, 9 gymnasias (grammar schools), 49 district schools (some for the nobility and some for citizens), 289 parochial and 112 private schools, besides 26 boarding-houses for noblemen's sons, in connexion with the grammar-schools. The number of scholars has been increased by 25,000, and forms now, in the schools under the ministry, a total of 95,566. But the number of persons receiving

* See *Athen.* No. 566.—*Ed.*

† *Ante*, p. 674.—*Ed.*

instruction in the whole empire is stated to be nearly as 1 in 45. The number of students in the University of St. Petersburg during the last academical year was 413. Of these 192 were noblemen, 65 sons of superior officers, 19 sons of clergymen, 40 of the mercantile classes, 31 sons of tradesmen, &c., and 5 foreigners. There are at this university 42 professors and tutors. The university library has lately been enriched by the purchase of the collection of Prof. Schäfer, of Leipzig; which, among other valuable works, contained 633 Russian, not before in the library. The imperial library now contains 425,621 printed volumes, and 17,236 MSS. The University of Kasan is increasing in importance for Oriental literature. It has long had professorships of the Mongol and Chinese languages; lately one has been added for the Armenian, with a salary of 4,500 rubles.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will be SHORTLY CLOSED for the Season.—The Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by L. CHEVALIER BOUTON. —Open from Ten till half-past Four.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

COVENT GARDEN.—'The School for Scandal,' as represented at this theatre on Thursday, (instead of Tuesday, as first announced,) leaves nothing to be desired on the score of costume and scenic accessories, which were distinguished for correctness and elegance; the *mise en scène* was perfect: the cast too was nearly as effective as the present talent of the stage could make it, and the general propriety and smoothness of the performance produced an agreeable impression, though falling short of the brilliancy of refined comedy. Farren's *Sir Peter* needs no praise; he played with his usual finished effect, and more than his usual chasteness of style. Vestris, as *Lady Teazle*, gave no cause to wonder at *Sir Peter's* infatuation; her coaxing of her doating husband and mimicry of her acquaintance were charming; but she does not look the rustic coquette intoxicated with the gaudies of fashionable life, so well as Mrs. Nisbet. Mrs. Orger, as *Mrs. Candour*, barbed the dart of her slanders with glances that carried death to reputation. Charles Mathews's *Charles Surface* was a neat and lively performance; his ease, freedom, and lightness, atone for defects incidental to his style: above all, he is a gentleman. Bartley's *Sir Oliver*, and Cooper's *Joseph*, are well known: Meadows's *Crabtree* is the best since Blanchard's; and Harley's *Sir Benjamin* was amusing, with less buoyancy than ordinary. *Snake*, for the first time, appeared a polished scoundrel, and was well played by Selby; *Mrs. Snervell*, his coadjutor, in the pleasing person of Mrs. Brougham, looked youthful and lovely enough to be the object of a young man's attentions. Keeley as *Moses*, Green as *Trip*, Miss Lee as *Maria*, Granby as *Rowley*, and Fitzjames as *Careless*, were severally meritorious.

The 'Olympic Burlettas,' tell as after-pieces, and the 'Olympic Nights' also are popular.

HAYMARKET.—'The Merchant of Venice' is the current attraction here, Macready's *Shylock* being a novelty to play-goers: indeed, it is more new than true. Mr. Macready, in taking pains to give a "new reading" of the part, appears to have aimed rather at reconciling a preconceived idea of his own with the text of his author, than at developing the conception of Shakespeare, by a thorough study of the character independent of foregone personations. He not only makes *Shylock* less aged, but less malignant also, than we have been accustomed to picture "the

Jew that Shakespeare drew." The difference of a few years matters very little, if the other lineaments were faithful; though besides the implication of the epithet "old Shylock," the aspect of old age and infirmity, being associated with a long life of insult and injury, increases the fearful effect of the persecuted Jew's vindictiveness, while it offers some palliation of his hate; but to suppress the fiend-like malice which actuates *Shylock* in entrapping *Antonio* by means of the "merry bond," so as make the audience as well as *Antonio* suppose that "there is much kindness in the Jew," is contrary to the spirit of the character, and, indeed, destroys its effect. Perhaps it was owing to this that the last, or "trial scene," went off so tamely: it wanted the sustaining power of silent acting, or "by-play" as it is called, to fill up the pauses of action and speech, which a strong sense of the deadly enmity and insatiable thirst for revenge that are the stamina of *Shylock's* perverted nature, could alone infuse into the acting. Mr. Macready expressed the grief and distraction of the usurer at losing his ducats and his jewels, mingled with pain at his daughter's unkindness, and relieved by the prospect of *Antonio's* beggary and his revenge, with vehement intensity: the fine passage where the Jew remonstrates against the tyranny of his Christian persecutors on the ground of the humanity of their common nature—"Hath not a Jew eyes," &c.—was finely delivered; but it wanted that touch of bitterness, which converts this affecting appeal into a severe reproach, and forestalls of retaliation.

ADDELPHI.—Mr. Hackett's 'Rip van Winkle,' is a capital personation, and proves him to be a genuine comedian, of no ordinary talent, and a pleasant humour.

MISCELLANEA

Electro-magnetism as a Motive Power.—Dr. Jacobi, in a letter to Mr. Faraday, thus alludes to this subject:—"In the application of electro-magnetism to the movement of machines, the most important obstacle always has been the embarrassment and difficult manipulation of the battery. This obstacle exists no longer. During the past autumn, and at a season already too advanced, I made, as you may perhaps have learned by the gazettes, the first experiments in navigation on the Neva, with a ten-oared shallow furnished with paddle-wheels, which were put into motion by an electro-magnetic machine. Although we journeyed during entire days, and usually with 10 or 12 persons on board, I was not well satisfied with this first trial, for there were so many faults of construction and want of insulation in the machines and battery, which could not be repaired on the spot, that I was terribly annoyed. All these repairs and important changes being accomplished, the experiments will shortly be recommenced. The experience of the past year, combined with the recent improvements of the battery, give as the result, that to produce the force of one horse (steam-engine estimation) it will require a battery of 20 square feet of platina distributed in a convenient manner, but I hope that from 8 to 10 square feet will produce the effect. If heaven preserves my health, which is a little affected by continual labours, I hope that within a year of this time, I shall have equipped an electro-magnetic vessel of from 40 to 50 horse power."

The Historical Game.—This is a novelty prepared by Mr. Ollivier, for our young friends at Christmas. The object is to impress the date of events recorded in ancient history, on the memory of children by means of a game at cards. The cards are dealt out, and the first in order turns up a card, declares the date, and is then to say to what event it refers—if correctly told, he places his counter on the map corresponding to the date, and receives a prize: and in this way the game proceeds to its close.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A constant subscriber—B.—H. R. F.—received.—We did not refer to the picture mentioned by W. M.

A correspondent has directed our attention to a curious example of what he very properly calls "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." The editor of the *Mining Review* has, it appears, copied a brief miscellaneous paragraph, of some fifteen lines, from our *Gossip*, and generously acknowledged that it was taken from "the *Athenæum*"—but he has forgotten to inform his readers that the whole of the *Report* of the proceedings of the British Association, that is, twenty-two out of the thirty-two quarto columns of which his work consists, are also taken verbatim from the same journal.

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